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The Week

THE signing of the Franco-Russian agreement, Hungary's refusal to make a similar compact with the Little Entente, and news of rapidly increasing armaments from almost every country have been the outstanding developments of the past week in Europe. France and Russia have been engaged in a long dispute over the terms of their agreement and the result is a compromise unsatisfactory to both Powers and less important than had been expected in advance. The new agreement is subsidiary both to Locarno and to the League. It covers only aggression on the territory of one of the two Powers; France and Russia will consult in the event that there is danger of aggression, and will give immediate assistance in case of actual, "unprovoked" attack. This is interpreted in Europe, however, as still giving the veto power to the League Council—which means, to Great Britain. Germany would seem to be bending every effort to throw the British into the camp of her enemies, by announcing her new program for building submarines and air-

planes, the two weapons that alarm England more than any other. Already, London has responded by announcing that she will increase her aerial armament to any necessary amount, in order to meet the German threat. The chief definite result of the pact is that France is to help complete the fortification of Russia's western frontier. French capital, technicians and material will be employed in improving the Russian railways and in strengthening the forts and other defensive equipment. We may write down one clear gain—for the French steel trust, the Comité des Forges.

IN THE week's domestic news, the tragic, accidental death of Senator Bronson Cutting will for many persons outweigh all other developments. Additional happenings include the President's break with the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, the struggle over the bonus, the dispute between Illinois and Washington about relief funds, and the revelation regarding the Army's happy little plan for a military air base near the Canadian border. The Supreme Court gave a decision, by a five-to-four vote, against the law providing pensions for railroad workers. The future of the cotton industry received increasing attention in many quarters, and the hearings before the Supreme Court on the legality of the N.R.A. were closely watched for some clue to the character of the decision, which the correspondents guessed would uphold the law by five to four. If the welfare of the Philippines can still be called a domestic subject, one should add to this list the uprising of the Sakdalistas, in which about sixty people were shot down for activities growing out of their desire for immediate liberty instead of a ten-year period during which the United States will withdraw from the archipelago.

THE American progressive movement has suffered a grievous loss in the accidental death of Senator Bronson Cutting of New Mexico. He was one of the leaders of that small group in the Senate which is concerned for the rights of the common man. Attractive in his personality, with a realistic sense of the facts of American life today, he did not let the background of wealthy, conservative New York society from which he came prevent him from demanding, and working for, a better order. The movement for that order is too great, and too

urgent in its necessity, to stand or fall by the presence or absence of a single leader; but he will be sorely missed.

THE worst piece of repressive legislation introduced recently in any state is the Dunkel bill, which has passed the Michigan State Senate and is now pending in the lower house. If it becomes a law, almost any radical or even progressive political activity in the state of Michigan can be punished with a prison sentence of one to fourteen years, and a fine of \$5,000. Such punishment would be possible, for example, to anyone who "has in his possession or transports from any point within this state, with the intent, in any way or manner whatsoever, to encourage, foster, further, aid or abet any attempt to overthrow the government, any books, pamphlets, documents, or papers of any kind, wherein or whereon appear any words, signs or symbols, advocating or suggesting the overthrow by force, violence or other unlawful means of the government." It would be equally unlawful "knowingly" to organize or aid in the organization of, or become or remain a member of any "society, association or organization which has as its object, or as one of its objects, the overthrow of government or the advocacy of the overthrow of government." Even the landlord who rented a hall used for a meeting that could be construed to have one of these purposes might be found guilty. The measure could, and certainly would, be used as a strike-breaking device; it would prevent the teaching in the schools of the history of the French, Russian or other revolutions; it would prevent a historical scholar from having in his library a copy of the Communist Manifesto. Reading the Declaration of Independence aloud in the streets of Detroit might again become a penitentiary offense, as it was during the Great War. The bill has the support of the American Legion and the Daughters of the American Revolution, and there is at present no reason to expect that Governor Fitzgerald would veto the measure, which the State Attorney General has already ruled is constitutional.

TESTIFYING before a congressional committee, an obscure army officer interested, like most army officers, in pushing the branch of the service with which he was connected, urged the establishment of a new series of air bases throughout the country, one of which would be near the Canadian border. This, he recommended, should be "camouflaged" on account of the long standing tradition that the border should not be fortified. The stupidity of the proposal did not prevent it from arousing keen resentment in Canada when it was published. President Roosevelt cannot be praised too highly for the promptitude and vigor with which he squelched the whole matter. In a letter to the congressional committee he said that it was highly improper to publish any proposal of the sort unless it had first been submitted to him as Commander in Chief of the

army. This one, of course, had not been, and he refused to be responsible for it. Army officers may, on their own responsibility, indulge in whatever foolish statements they please, but their statements should not be thought to represent a national policy—as they are likely to be if published—unless the President has approved. No possibility of fighting our Northern neighbor under any circumstances whatever should even be hypothetically considered.

THE precarious structure of our government was again illustrated by the decision of the Supreme Court holding invalid the railway-pension act, not only on account of minor flaws, but on the ground that matters relating to the social welfare of the workers "obviously lie outside the orbit of congressional power." That is indeed a challenge to the railway workers and all others who have rashly assumed that our government is a democratic one, rightfully concerned with the welfare of the people. This crucial decision was reached, as usual, by a five-to-four vote. Men having the intelligence of Chief Justice Hughes, Mr. Justice Brandeis, Mr. Justice Stone and Mr. Justice Cardozo saw nothing "obvious" in the above proposition and dissented strongly. The fact that Mr. Justice Roberts happened to join the conservatives on this issue prevented the Court from taking the "liberal" line laid out in previous New Deal decisions. One may ask by what political principle it is wise to delegate to one irresponsible and irremovable jurist dictatorial power over the will of the national legislature. Behind all the intricate legal reasoning, the real social animus of the majority is plain in this sentence:

... if "morale" is intended to connote efficiency, loyalty and continuity of service, the surest way to destroy it in any privately owned business is to substitute legislative largess for private bounty and thus transfer the drive for pensions to the halls of Congress and transmute loyalty to employer into gratitude to the legislature.

The majority, in preferring "private bounty" and the "loyalty to the employer" which it presumes to follow, has substituted its own judgment of social policy for that of Congress.

IN Gallup, New Mexico, where ten coal miners are being tried for a murder of which only one of them could be guilty, and of which there is overwhelming probability that all are innocent, vigilantism showed itself last week in the customary way. Robert Minor, the well known communist artist and writer, and David Levinson, attorney for the International Labor Defense, were kidnaped by a mob, beaten into unconsciousness, taken thirty-five miles out into the desert and there abandoned with their heads encased in sacks. The subsequent activities of the local sheriff and other officials can be explained only on the theory of unbelievable stupidity or secret sympathy with the mobsters. Their contribution to New Mexico life, learning and justice is that

Minor and Levinson kidnaped and beat themselves—for what possible purpose is not made clear. We are not surprised at this development, any more than we are at similar happenings in California. As the economic conflict deepens, the flimsy fabric of law and order is rent to reveal the naked realities beneath. Kidnaping, torture, illegal imprisonment, legal and illegal murder mean little to these stalwart Western Americans, compared to the preservation of their precious profits and the fight against any threat to the system that produces those profits.

SPEAKING over the radio last Sunday, a priest suggested that everybody who marched in the May Day parades should be deported. The idea would sound more logical if it came from a shipping magnate with a big fleet of unemployed steamers. In New York City alone, more than two hundred thousand people joined in the two May Day demonstrations. The most impressive feature of the Socialist parade, with a hundred thousand marchers, was the mass support from the two big unions in the needle trades, the Amalgamated and the International Ladies' Garment Workers. If these workers were sent back to the many countries of their origin (including Brooklyn) the priest might have a hard time finding a new cassock. The Communist parade took five and a half hours to pass the reviewing stand on Union Square. It had a stronger labor-union representation than in former years, including several A.F. of L. locals in full force, but the most impressive feature of it was the general youthfulness of the marchers. There was a Father Divine delegation from Negro Harlem, bearing signs to announce that **FATHER DIVINE IS GOD**—and the divine father himself was there in a Rolls Royce with a stuffed white dove on the radiator cap. Many American cities besides New York reported larger May Day parades than have been held since 1919—in a few cases the largest of all time. In Cleveland, Newark, Allentown and some other cities, the Socialists and Communists marched together, having sensibly healed their quarrels for the day. In Spokane the parade was broken up by the police; in Boston it was attacked by the readers of Mr. Hearst's newspapers. In New York, Mayor LaGuardia and Police Commissioner Valentine deserve credit for a minimum show of armed force; there were fewer than 1,400 policemen along the line of march and they had been told to leave their billies at home.

THE big news of the day is that business, as represented by the United States Chamber of Commerce, simultaneously split with Mr. Roosevelt and elected a personal friend of his, Mr. Harper Sibley, as its president. This looks like a qualified split, adopted largely for bargaining purposes. There is no doubt that many business men have been aroused against the administration, and the cause is not mysterious. No one is more responsive to propaganda than Chamber of Commerce members, and they have

been thoroughly propagandized in behalf of the utility interests. As a result, the bill directed against holding companies is due for softening. The drive against the Eccles banking bill was also not without its effect, while most business men still do not relish being taxed for unemployment and other social insurance, and are fearful of the Wagner bill on collective bargaining—which the President has never endorsed, and which the pressure of business will doubtless keep him from endorsing. In the background is the situation of the N.R.A. The code system, giving business the right to manipulate its own prices, was largely the work of the former president of the Chamber, Mr. Harriman. Because he obtained this all-important concession, his opposition to other parts of the New Deal has been mild, if unmistakable. Now the codes are under heavy fire. Influence on the President in this matter is important to the Chamber. We venture two predictions—first, that business opposition to the President, or to any President, will not disappear so long as the President is not completely subservient to the will of business; second, that the split will not be widened to a complete breach so long as the President upholds the profit system and trims his sails to the prevailing wind.

IN Senator Wagner's labor-disputes bill, which has just been reported out by the Senate Committee on Labor and Education, the administration has the means of redeeming some of the promises made in Section 7a. This does not mean, of course, that the bill, if passed, would automatically give labor equality of bargaining power with employers—which was the broad promise implicit in 7a. Such equality, it seems clear, is likely to be won only through the organized strength of the workers themselves, not through the mere enactment of another bill or the setting up of another board. Thus the chief merit of the Wagner bill is that it increases the opportunities for unionization. It specifically outlaws the company union and prohibits certain anti-labor practices of employers—intimidation, coercion, discrimination—in terms so clear and simple that even the Justices of the Supreme Court will be able to understand them. It establishes the right of majority rule and imposes on employers the duty to bargain in good faith with their employees. In addition, the bill sets up a National Labor Relations Board which will have exclusive jurisdiction in labor disputes. At present a dozen or more industries have their own independent boards—as in the newspaper and automobile fields—some of them openly dominated by the employers. None of these boards has any actual power to enforce Section 7a, and yet the present National Labor Relations Board has no jurisdiction whatever in these industries. The Wagner bill would correct this extraordinary and indefensible situation. The fate of the bill, however, appears to depend on whether President Roosevelt endorses it and places it on his list of "must" legislation—a move he has not as yet seen fit to make.

The Fight About the Banks

THE FIGHT against the new banking bill centers, as John T. Flynn points out this week in his department, "Other People's Money," on the clause intended to give government appointees power over the open-market policy of the Reserve Banks. On both sides of this controversy are groups of people who haven't the slightest idea what is involved; we are certain that not one delegate in ten to the United States Chamber of Commerce convention could give a straight account of the issue, and that not more than a half-dozen congressmen understand it. Leaders in the controversy take it seriously; it is supposed by both sides that the way this power is used is of the utmost importance, and that either the government or the bankers, according to which side one takes, is the proper authority in which to vest the power. Both sides seem to us mistaken; we incline to the belief that the whole thing is a tempest in a teapot.

Consider what a long chain of reasoning is involved. Only the major premise of this chain is beyond dispute by informed disputants. That is that when the Reserve Banks buy government securities in the open market, bank reserves are increased, and when they sell these securities, bank reserves are reduced. The next link in the chain is the assumption that when bank reserves are increased, credit is expanded, and vice versa. The third link is that when credit is expanded during a depression, prosperity will follow, and that an unsound speculative boom may be avoided by contracting credit. Here, however, it is more accurate to say that the chain of reasoning splits into two strands, for some hold that prosperity may be maintained indefinitely if credit is never contracted. And, finally, you have the assumption, either that government appointees or that bankers, as the case may be, can be trusted to do the right thing at the right time, whereas the other group is likely to act wrongly. Let us examine each of these links separately.

1. *Bank reserves and credit.* There is no direct and invariable relationship between the amount of bank reserves and the volume of credit outstanding. The amount of reserves does set an *upper limit* to credit, both in law and in practice, but below that limit there is wide variability. If this were not so, the "reserve ratio" would never vary. During the depression we have seen forcibly demonstrated the fact that banks may pile up enormous excess reserves without any expansion of credit. During the boom we experienced efforts by the Reserve Banks to restrict credit for speculation, without much success. So many other powerful forces are at work that the mere open-market policy of the banks is tardy in effect and may be totally inadequate—except in the rare case when the absolute limit of credit expansion on the basis of a given volume of

reserves may be reached. Such an instance has not occurred within a decade.

2. *Credit and Prosperity.* Belief that by controlling the volume of credit you can stabilize the price level and perpetuate prosperity is a prescription of one of those single-shot panaceas that overlook everything else in the system. To give all the answers to this position, it would be necessary to write a full treatise on economics. But we may summarize some of the more obvious objections. The proposition confuses cause and effect by assuming that the supply of credit by the banks, rather than the demand for it by business or speculators, is the initiating factor. It overlooks the importance of the relationship between specific groups of prices, or between prices and costs, which may, regardless of what happens to the general "price level," either retard business activity or stimulate an artificial and impermanent boom. For instance, there may develop, as there has developed at various times during the past few years, a disparity between agricultural and industrial prices, or between prices of capital goods and prices of consumers' goods, or between costs of building and rents, or between industrial profits and wages. The prescription overlooks the difficulty of defining the "price level." Is it an average of commodity prices at wholesale? Or should it include prices of stocks? Or of stocks and bonds? Or is it some average of retail prices that can be called the cost of living? Or should it include wages and salaries? Or should it be a combination of all these factors?

The theory ignores the distinct possibility that at certain times credit ought to be restricted in some directions while being expanded in others. (As in 1928, when it looked as if there ought to be a tightening of credit for stock speculation, without any tightening of loans for commercial purposes, or in 1926-27, when the building boom ought to have been checked without checking industrial production.) The very idea of a stable price level is contrary to the principle that real wages ought to increase as the productivity of industry grows, and that the only feasible way to accomplish this end is by a reduction of the prices of those many articles that can be produced more cheaply because of greater efficiency in their manufacture. When there is a general and rapid gain in efficiency, a stable price level may really be a concealed inflation. Most important of all, the theory overlooks the fact that in an advanced and dynamic capitalist system, disproportions are bound to develop that can be corrected only by liquidation, and that to attempt to prevent this liquidation by an injection of credit is like giving a stimulant to a patient suffering from organic disease. It may keep him alive for the moment, but it merely postpones the necessity for a more fundamental correction.

3. *Bankers vs. Officials.* Even if we assume that open-market policy is effective, and that we know

how to use it, what is there in the belief that one group of people can be trusted more than another to use it properly? The common arguments on this score are incredibly naïve. On the conservative side it is assumed that a banker-controlled reserve system is a body of wise, skillful, disinterested persons who can be depended upon to practise "sound banking," whereas government appointees will be influenced by unsound "political" motives. Specifically, it is asserted that a non-political control will check inflation when necessary, whereas a political control will create an easy money market when that is desired in behalf of Treasury financing, or in response to a popular demand for inflation. Well, in the past, the open-market policy has been controlled in the main by bankers. While this system was in effect, we experienced 1929 and 1932. Political control could hardly be worse. The most cogent criticism of open-market policy during prosperity has been formulated by Dr. B. M. Anderson, Jr., of the Chase National Bank, who charges that the expansionist course adopted was largely responsible for the overinvestment in real-estate securities, for the flooding of business with unneeded money and for the collapsible market boom. Evidently bankers themselves are responsive to the desires of persons who profit from inflation. It may be argued that the political influence of Secretary Mellon during this period was not without its inflationary effect. But who owns more banks than Mr. Mellon? As a matter of practice, it is often impossible to distinguish between bankers, industrialists and politicians—they are frequently combined in the same person. Inflation arises from the seeking of profits, and may be produced by the business-financial mechanism just as easily as by the political.

On the other side the same argument applies. Suppose Mr. Mellon had appointed those who control open-market policy; would the results have been different? We may grant that Mr. Roosevelt might appoint someone who would for a time take a different course from that advocated by bankers, but it is extremely unlikely that the powers of government will long be unaffected by the dominant economic classes of the country, particularly where an isolated and technical policy of this sort is at stake. In principle it is better to have an important function performed by persons who have definite public responsibility and who in theory can be subject to ultimate democratic control, but the practice is not likely to differ greatly so long as the democracy in question is avowedly a capitalist one.

The way the function of banking is carried on is, indeed, of the utmost importance, in any modern industrial order. It can be made, under the proper circumstances, an effective instrument of control. Our contention is that this result cannot be achieved merely by a control of reserves, in a privately owned and chaotic banking system, responding to the drives of a privately owned and chaotic business structure.

Another Challenge to Dixie

FROM THE cotton-growing section of Arkansas comes news of a machine that, should it prove practicable, will completely revolutionize the basic agricultural economy of the South—a mechanical cotton-picker.

The quest for such a device has gone on for almost a hundred years. Many models have been constructed and tested but all have proved unsuccessful. It seemed impossible to build a machine that would harvest only matured bolls without also harvesting green cotton and severely injuring the plant. The present harvester, according to reports, appears to have overcome these difficulties. Mounted on large, rubber-tired wheels, the machine is so constructed that it straddles the row of plants. On one side is a tunnel-like opening into which projects a series of small, slowly turning rods carried on a revolving belt. The rods, passing first through a moistening arrangement, run through the plants like a comb. The matured cotton, coming into contact with the wet rods, winds itself around them. The green bolls are left unharmed while the ripe cotton is stripped from the rods and sucked into a hopper which carries it to a large, crate-like container at the end of the machine. Planters and newspaper reporters who have seen the picker in operation call it a success. In seven and a half hours it is reported to have gathered as much cotton as a Negro field-hand gathers in an entire eleven-week season.

If these reports are true, it is obvious that the whole system of Southern agriculture, in so far as cotton is concerned, will have to be rearranged. The effect of the mechanical picker will be as far-reaching as was that of Eli Whitney's cotton gin. There are, in the various Southern states, almost half a million Negroes whose entire cash income is derived from cotton picking. This income, pitifully meager though it is, will be taken away from them—presuming the mechanical picker is as successful as it is said to be.

Tenant farmers, both white and Negro, will also be directly affected. Cotton, after it is planted, needs but little attention during the growing season. The tenant farmer earns his keep principally during picking time—which is one of the reasons why plantation owners like their tenants to have large families—and 68 percent of all farms in the South's cotton-growing regions are operated by tenants.

The argument has already been put forward that the machine will not take the place of hand-picking because it will be too expensive for the average small Southern farmer. The probable price of this new cotton-picker will be approximately \$1,000. While it is perfectly true that the average Southern farmer does not have this much money to invest in anything, there is no reason why ten or twenty small cotton-growers cannot join to purchase expensive machinery and use it to harvest all their crops.

This has long been a practice in the Middle West and other regions. It is to be remembered, also, that the small farmer has lost his place in Southern agriculture to the big plantation owner, who, in many instances, is not even an individual but some Eastern (in one case, an English) corporation owning thousands of acres. Such owners will have no difficulty in raising \$1,000 to buy a machine.

The cotton industry—both agricultural and manufacturing—is already in such confusion that only the most intelligent planning will bring it to even a semblance of order. In a few years, with this new technological advance, confusion will become complete chaos—unless, in the meantime, some plan has been evolved to care for the millions of workers whose place will be usurped by the machine. Such a plan deserves more consideration than can be given it here, but it will obviously have to be based upon a broad conception of collectivized farming—a series of projects under thoughtful governmental supervision upon which the dispossessed tenants and pickers can be settled and given an opportunity to rehabilitate themselves. Such a program, involving a substantial percentage of the South's population, cannot be drawn up overnight. But haste is not necessary. The South—and the United States government—have several years to prepare for the emergencies of the future. If they are wise they will do so.

What Germany Wants

SOME HOLD the opinion that, once Germany establishes her right to equality in armament, her rulers will be satisfied and can be conciliated. This opinion rests upon the assumption that Germany's main trouble has been wholly psychological, that her outburst of aggressive nationalism is merely compensating for a national inferiority feeling resulting from defeat in the War, and that when she has won equality in status she will not pursue further her particularistic ambitions. But such assumptions are not in line with realities. In a world where national boundaries are used to frustrate economic unity, territorial expansion is certain to be sought by any nation situated as is Germany, no matter what the injury to others. Thus it will be seen that economic pressure is the real force behind much of the "racial" imperialism advocated by Hitler and Rosenberg; and one is reminded of J. M. Keynes' observation that pre-war Germany was built much more on coal and iron than on blood and iron.

Consider, then, the situation in which industrial Germany finds herself. According to the treaty of Versailles, she had to cede 121 of her 376 foundries to France and Poland. These figures do not include the twenty-eight foundries in the Saar region now returned to Germany. Cession of the foundries to Poland involved the arbitrary breaking up of the Upper Silesian industrial region without any regard whatever to natural economic unity.

In the matter of food supply, Germany always has had to depend upon importations from outside countries to obtain an adequate ration for her population. It is estimated that prior to 1914 approximately 10,000,000 persons represented the margin of population dependent upon this outside supply, and that now this margin has risen to 18,000,000. This unfavorable food situation was aggravated by treaty stipulations requiring Germany to cede two of her agricultural regions, West Prussia and North Schleswig, to Poland and Denmark, respectively. Today the food exports of the agrarian states in the Danube Basin, Hungary, Yugoslavia and Rumania, just about equal the quantity of the food imports needed by Germany, and it is significant that Germany has advanced more than 500,000,000 marks in loans to the Danubian countries.

Industrial expansion follows much the same pattern. Germany imports approximately 25 percent of Austria's industrial exports, and in return is a powerful source of capital for Austrian industry. Germany's capitalists are likewise shareholders in the coal mines, machine-building and textile factories of Czechoslovakia.

From a territorial standpoint, the loss of West Prussia, more familiarly known as the Polish Corridor, not only weakens Germany's already inadequate food supply but also creates a situation in military strategy that must be regarded as unbearable by a rearmed Germany. It is the scarcely secret dream of the German rulers to regain this territory for the Reich, to reunite the two Prussias, and to take possession of what they regard as the German ports of Danzig, now under the League of Nations, and Memel, now a part of Lithuania. Observers believe that Germany plans to placate Poland, if necessary, at the expense of the Baltic states.

Thus the interweaving strands of Germany's agrarian, economic and territorial needs form one inevitable pattern—expansion. It is well enough to speak of psychological attitudes in explanation of Germany's belligerence, but the workings of modern economic nationalism furnish sharper, more immediate compulsions.

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What Is Usable in Veblen?

JOSEPH DORFMAN'S important recent biography of Veblen,¹ with all its material on his life and writing and the America that he lived and wrote in, gives us at last the resources for taking a new measure of the man. We have none of us known what to make of his thought, and what meaning to extract from it for the dilemmas of today. It has been easy enough to see his glamor and succumb to it. Communists as diverse as Max Eastman and Mike Gold depart from their more drastic attitudes to do homage to him. Socialists and liberals see him on the side of the angels. Technocracy hitched itself to his name, and threatened for a season to become the tail that wagged the dog of his reputation. Yale University has hung his portrait in one of those buildings that were salvaged from the great bull market of the twenties. In Washington itself there are a few New Dealers high in government councils who use not only his phrases but some of his ways of thought: no doubt if there were any energy left among them for intellectual promotion it would be easier to found a Veblen society than any other.

At the core of the Veblen legend is one of the most tangled and baffling personalities in American history. By the side of it Henry Adams is a study in simplicity. The legend has several phases. One has to do with Veblen's sea-green aloofness from the ordinary concerns of life, as of waters coldly lapping the shores of the world but never mingling with the swift currents. Another has to do with the feckless professor, unintelligible to his classes and his readers, writing on interminably in impossible sentences. Still another depicts the savage ironist who could impale a whole civilization on one of his phrases. Added to these threads of legend was the mystery of Veblen's personal life—his amazing clothes, his home-made furniture, his notions on domestic economy (so much more drastically original even than those on political economy), his unmade beds, his dirty dishes packed high in a barrel waiting for the garden hose, his monogrammed cigarettes, his unstable menages ("But what is one to do if the woman moves in on you?"). The dry talk of the faculty lunch tables was fanned into something like a glow when a new Veblen story was recounted. Here and there on academic campuses young men walked about dizzy with a peculiar and recognizable intoxication, their usually plodding wits reeling because somehow a Norwegian farmboy-turned-scholar had blundered into magical English polysyllables. For many of the generation that came to maturity between the War and the crash Veblen was more than a thinker. He was,

like Marx and Nietzsche, a symbol by which men measured their rejection of the values of the established order. And when they found such a symbol their myth-making faculties worked overtime. Mr. Dorfman, by his massive piling up of the details of Veblen's life has, without diminishing Veblen's stature or complexity, brought the legend down to earth.

But, legend aside, measure Veblen's meaning for today and you will be forced to conclude that his role was not directive but chiefly disillusioning. Read him for direction and you will, as Samuel Johnson said of the plot in "Clarissa Harlowe," hang yourself first. His own starting point was that of disillusionment with the orthodox systems of economic thought. For almost two decades he was preoccupied either with speaking his mind on the economic theory of Ricardo, Jevons and their followers or else with making up his mind about the economic and social theory of Karl Marx and his followers. He was infinitely more successful in achieving the first than he was the second. But for all his cocksureness about hedonistic economics, Veblen had on the subject of Marxism only a painful indecisiveness. He had the hatred that any original mind has for every theoretical system except his own. Even had he accepted Marxism it would have been with a saving skepticism. But he wrote on socialism with a caution and canniness unusual even for him. His first important article, "Some Neglected Points in the Theory of Socialism," was hailed by his associates at Cornell as having nothing to do with the actualities of the class struggle and as being only "a metaphysical disquisition." On the basis of it Veblen got a fellowship in the next year. His lectures delivered some years later at Harvard on "The Socialist Economics of Karl Marx and His Followers" were such as to strengthen any doubts about Marxism that may have crept into the minds of his Harvard listeners. Veblen can never be accused of cowardice. It would have been suicidal for him, desperately dependent as he was for a job upon the good will of Laughlin and the other academic moguls, to show too much warmth for Marxism. He was writing in the midst of a Red scare. No one who reads Mr. Dorfman's book, with its story of the bitterness of his life until he succeeded in getting some small academic foothold, can wonder that even when his own thought was closest to the Marxian categories he chose to clothe them in other terms.

This is of vast consequence in Veblen's thought. For one thing it means that Veblen's response to the conditions of American life had to be tortuous

¹Thorstein Veblen and His America, by Joseph Dorfman. New York: The Viking Press. 556 pages. \$3.75.

and indirect. Mr. Dorfman sketches in, as the backdrop against which the amazing enactment of Veblen's life took place, a picture of Veblen's America beside which Beveridge's picture of John Marshall's America is schoolboyish. But for all the talent and research that Mr. Dorfman lavishes upon it, much of it is finally indecisive. Veblen lived a remote and abstracted life, never in the thick of things. He took part in no movements, traveled little, shrank from conversation, refused to vote. Even Thoreau was stirred by John Brown's death, but neither the Homestead strike nor the Haymarket trials seem to have left any direct traces in Veblen's writing. Amidst riots and judicial assassinations Veblen was writing "The Economic Theory of Woman's Dress," or framing metaphysical refutations of the marginal-utility school. At least during the first part of his writing career, the effect of the American turmoil on Veblen was chiefly negative. The Veblenian irony is a way of saying things and yet not saying them, the Veblenian mystification is a form of protective coloration, the Veblenian vocabulary is triple armor against the charge of agitation, the Veblenian erudition in ethnology and archeology gives perspectives of the past but never dangerous projections of the future.

But these very qualities have formed the basis of Veblen's acceptance. He was a godsend for the college instructors and other liberals who did not yet wear the stuffed shirts of capitalist apologists but who sought escape from the stridency of populism. He gave our taut generations relief from having to make a choice between brusqueness and passive acceptance. He was a new kind of experience for the American mind. You could discuss the economic problem in his terms without having to take sides. His intellectual method included most of the qualities that have since become the sacred cows of liberalism—disinterestedness, complexity, subtlety, irony, elusiveness, indecisiveness, realism, an awareness of one's own preconceptions, and an emphasis on "institutions" (harmless but magic word). Armed with these qualities you could transvalue all values and lay bare the desolate and jangled wasteland of economic life—but the blessed thing was that you could free yourself thus from bondage to your society without having to do anything about it.

Not the least attractive thing about Veblen is that he has been regarded as native American stuff. He is one of the writers most relied upon by liberals who insist upon an "American solution" to our economic problems, and radicals who would rather point to a nativist revolutionary tradition than a Marxian one. Actually the only one of Veblen's books directly addressed to the "case of America" is "Absentee Ownership," written at the end of his life. In his other books as far back as "The Theory of the Leisure Class," he uses the American scene merely as a convenient ledge on which to perch while surveying the human comedy. His strength lay not in that he concentrated on

American life but that he enlarged the perspective in which American life could be viewed. He was not one of the American mind and American essence hunters. In fact there are few instances in American thought of such complete isolation from other American writers. Veblen seemed to come from nowhere.

If his mind took its temper from any tradition it was, as Mr. Dorfman convincingly points out, the hardbitten land-tenacious tradition of Norwegian agrarianism rather than anything uniquely American. Most of his reading and ideas derived from European sources—chiefly the Marxians and the anthropologists. His originality lay for us in his application of these European perspectives to our own life and his canniness in seeing that the crucial time had come for transforming economic theory by recasting it in terms of the newer anthropology and psychology. His drive was toward economic realism, and he preferred to construct his theory of business enterprise from the United States Steel Corporation rather than from David Ricardo. If ever a government investigating commission justified itself, the Industrial Commission of 1900 did because of the use Veblen made of its nineteen-volume report. And yet his greatest theories were brilliant intuitions rather than careful inductions from American material. He was not one of your statistical economists, and he was rather horrified at the prospect that economics "in the calculable future" would consist mainly of detailed factual monographs on business practices. As often as not in reading Veblen, when you are just at the point where a factual survey would clinch the analysis you find that he has retreated to neolithic times.

With the outbreak of the War a change seemed to come over Veblen's life. It had never been a life sensitive to outward changes. Veblen's first book already reveals his distinctive traits of thought and tricks of style, and for fifteen years after it there are no marked changes in either. But the sweep of events after 1914—war and peace and revolution—when added to the final loss of his academic posts, combined to fashion a rather new Veblen. He became less of a recluse, he came to New York, he mingled (although always ill at ease) in intellectual circles, he wrote for the journals. The tempo of his writing quickened, and a succession of books flowed from his pen. To the period between 1915 and 1921 belong "Imperial Germany," "The Higher Learning," "The Nature of Peace," "The Vested Interests," "The Engineers and the Price System."

The tone of Veblen's writing grew more bitter and more direct, while retaining much of its elaborate ironical apparatus. The first draft of "The Higher Learning," finished in 1916, out-Marxed the Marxians in its analysis of direct business pressures upon education and drew from one friend the comment that people would think Veblen had gone mad. "The Vested Interests" repelled many Veb-

len disciples because of the savagery of its tone: their liberal sensibilities were ruffled. "The Engineers and the Price System" went so far as to suggest the only line of strategy Veblen ever advanced—a general strike of the technicians and the formation of a technical soviet, which with the aid of an economic directorate would carry on the productive processes of the nation after the seizure of power. Veblen had now definitely burned his bridges. He no longer needed to hide his meaning behind elaborate anthropological analogies. His irony was still there, but it was soaked in vitriol. His appearance of detachment, which he probably maintained more out of habit than policy, seemed almost gruesome now amidst his talk of war and revolution and collapse. It was like a plague-stricken group out of one of Poe's stories observing the punctilios of a formal evening party.

This was no complete and abrupt change. Veblen's writing had always contained revolutionary implications, and there remained in it now a good part of his liberalism. In the mixture of these two elements lie both his confusion and his richness, his lack of direction and the incalculable possibilities of his thought.

Out of all the welter of his thinking we can extract certain ideas that are still usable. Their value goes beyond the excitement or consolation they may have offered to Veblen's readers over the span of a quarter-century. They still retain some validity for understanding and confronting the dilemmas of our day. Set down categorically they are:

1. *The rigor and potentialities of the machine process.*

Veblen showed the insurmountable barrier that every system of economic organization must face—the fact that the physical necessities of a complicated industrial civilization must be produced by a method dictated by the machine and its rhythms rather than by us and our own rhythms. The implication is that no program can turn its back on the requirements of an industrial technology. But an equally far-reaching implication is that we are living in an economy of potential plenty.

2. *The antithesis between industry and business.*

This was probably the basic cadre of Veblen's thinking. The machine process and the pecuniary structure that has been erected upon it look toward entirely diverse purposes. One is concerned with the fulfilment of needs, the other with the creation of money values. The tragic irony of such a collapse as we are now suffering is deepened by the fact that the recovery and extension of industrial efficiency must wait upon the rebuilding of the pecuniary structure.

3. *The anti-social tendency of business enterprise.*

The essence of business enterprise lies in the restriction of production in order to maximize profits. Veblen found in business rather than in labor the real sabotaging—the "conscientious withdrawal of efficiency." For many of his disciples this has led to a declaration of the need of a program of social control of business, so that this inherent tendency may be restrained and profits maintained by maximizing production and lowering prices. Veblen's own thought, far from bol-

stering such a hope, constitutes rather a denial of the possibility of its realization.

4. *Legal and political institutions as the vesting of economic interests.* Veblen defined a vested interest as a "legal right to get something for nothing." He saw law and politics as primarily molded by the drive to create and maintain these rights. The current radical analyses of the trend of Supreme Court decisions owe much to this view. Any program of social control of business, since it operates through the same legal mechanisms, must face the valuation of the extent to which it entrenches existing vested interests or creates new ones.

5. *The compulsive force of idea-patterns.* Veblen's explanations of the origins of institutions tend on the whole to run on the technological plane; his explanations of their persistence tend to run on the ideological. By his stress on the latter he focuses our attention on the basic importance of ideas which, however outworn and archaic, still move men to action or inaction. Here lies much of the explanation of middle-class inertia in the face of widespread economic collapse, and here also the sources of strength on which the industrialists who propel fascist movements may rely. Through his stress on the compulsive force of ideas Veblen can explain a good deal of the power that pecuniary values have upon our lives that cannot be explained by a theory of direct business pressures or even of vested interests.

6. *The bankruptcy of leisure-class (business-class) values and of a culture dominated by them.* Here Veblen has added much ammunition to the attack on bourgeois values along the cultural front.

Granted that all this in Veblen is still usable and even powerful, the pressing question is: Where do we go from Veblen? Here, in his lack of direction, lies Veblen's greatest weakness. Veblen's followers have been uniformly mobile and footloose in their economic allegiances. Many of them entered the Wilson war administration and either helped determine policy behind the lines or sought to implement the peace through research. There is a special irony in the fact that "Imperial Germany" was deemed by one branch of the government good grist for the propaganda mills at the same time that another branch of the government sought to censor it. In fact, this symbolizes Veblen's entire position. He was too well aware of the weaknesses and paradoxes of the existing economic structure to desire its continuance; yet he saw too clearly the tenacity with which the ideas and habits flowing from that structure hold on to our lives to have any hope of realizable radical change. He was finally forced to locate the revolutionary process in that most unlikely place—the minds of engineers and technicians—hoping that in them the force of business values would be more than counterbalanced by the force of the values and habits flowing from the machine process. The tenuous character of this hope is the measure of Veblen's confusion. It was ultimately as great, although on a more subtle plane, as the confusion of the wasteland generation whose plight he so clearly revealed.

Veblen's disciples have tried to give a more direct

answer to the question of direction. Their answer is embodied in much of the rhetoric of the New Deal. I say rhetoric rather than logic, because the essential logic of the New Deal is increasingly the naked fist of a capitalist state. But a few of the New Dealers are still sincere Veblenites, and it may be said that in so far as there are forces in Washington working in a liberal direction, they owe as much to Veblen's ideas as to those of any other thinker. Their central idea is one not found explicitly in Veblen but implied in his writing—the curtailment of the limits of a profit economy, a tempering of the extravagances of the pecuniary system, a clearing of the way for technological efficiency, and an eventual controlled capitalism. The aims themselves are to be found fitfully stated throughout the history of the New Deal; genuine adherence to them is probably restricted to the rapidly dwindling number of liberals. The idea of social control itself, while its economic roots are chiefly to be found in Veblen, is really a composite of his work and that of other American theorists. Its social theory traces back to Cooley and Ward, its philosophy of experimentalism to Dewey, its legal techniques to Brandeis. The pooling of these ideas emerges finally in the thought of such representative New Deal Veblenites as Walton Hamilton, Wesley Mitchell, Jerome Frank, Rexford Tugwell and Isador Lubin.

But a New Deal, even if it were a genuine one, is only one of the several programs that could be

founded on Veblen's thinking. He would himself undoubtedly have found most of the features of the administration program obnoxious to his deepest intellectual drives. His skepticism would have eaten through the very rhetoric of the New Deal that to such an extent derives from him.

A final judgment on the force of Veblen's ideas in American history will not be possible until we see what happens to the Roosevelt program. Veblen's thought has elements of mere liberalism that will be confirmed if that program succeeds; it has also revolutionary implications and consequences that are still suspended in the context of history. If the middle road of the New Deal should prove impossible or should finally deviate too far from the middle, in every one of Veblen's basic ideas there is dynamite that may burst asunder the whole fabric of institutions and habits that capitalism and the capitalist state have built up. Veblen himself just before he died admitted that he saw no other way out than communism. The conclusion that he drew from his own thought can be drawn by others, but it will need a new generation of Veblenites to draw it. Veblen's tragedy is not only that his intellectual system lacks a program and a strategy. It lacks also a clear historical analysis that would have indicated the direction of further development in the "calculable future." His fate as a thinker is thus concealed in that very chamber of history-to-come for unlocking which he furnished no key.

MAX LERNER.

Hue Long Invades the Middle West

DID YOU ever see Huey Long?" asked the conductor, as the train pulled into Des Moines. "There he is. The guy in the brown suit."

There he was—curly hair, small deep-set eyes, uptilted nose, heavy jowls—almost as easy to recognize as was ever T. Roosevelt. Two bigger men sat with him, and at the station marched on either side through the small crowd of curious and welcoming Iowans. "Bodyguard?" "Not on your life—but I go with him most places." At the Kirkwood Hotel Mr. Long signed his name Hue P. Long, pronounced Hugh. The "y" is merely a diminutive of affection.

Hue Long had come to attend the annual conference of the National Farmers' Holiday Association, on Saturday, April 27, the only headliner of the four or five who had been touted as attractions. It had been hinted that with Long, Father Coughlin, Governor Olson, Upton Sinclair, maybe a La Follette, all the combustible materials for a third party assembled might kindle each other into a blaze. Indeed the interest of the gathering may be said to have centered on the reasons why the

invited guests avoided the wedding feast. Governor Olson had his fight with the legislature over the sales tax—but the legislature had adjourned on Wednesday. Perhaps in view of dependence on the national administration for relief funds the Governor thought it wise to avoid a gathering where Roosevelt and Wallace were sure to be bitterly attacked. As for Father Coughlin, it was rumored that the Bishop of Iowa had told him to stay away. His representative, Ralph Burton, was on the program, but did not show up. Clearly if an alliance between the two demagogues is projected, as many surmise, it is too early to publish the banns. Thus Mr. Long found the whole show his without having to steal it.

The Farmers' Holiday Association was not the only attraction in Des Moines. A long established athletic event of Drake University, known as the Drake Relays, was in progress, bringing as many visitors as the conference. In the hotel lobbies girls and boys in collegiate clothes, with supernumerary parents and chaperons, elbowed dirt farmers and their horny-handed wives. Hue evidently had his eye on both attractions. He passed up an invitation to address the Iowa legislature, contrived not with-

out malice by the Republican members, in order to take breakfast with the Queen of the Relays and her attendant maids of honor. He did not make a hit. "I'd have known he was a politician," said the queen, "because he only talked about politics, and himself." Later in the day he cut short his speech to the enthusiastic farmers in order to put in an appearance at the Relays, where a brief spasm of applause was drowned in boos. The cleavage in the American public between those whose political thought is still that of the "haves" and those who perforce think in terms of "have not" was illustrated in Des Moines.

The conference was held at the State Fair Grounds, where the grandstand has a capacity of 12,000. In the morning it was scarcely half-filled, but delegates representing more than one-half of the states were present. Milo Reno, the venerable president of the organization, began by deprecating the reports that a third party was to be born that day. He saluted his followers as "men and women who believe in the Constitution—the greatest document that ever emanated from the minds of men." He was followed by a clergyman, who was allowed five minutes to ask divine blessing in the name of Jesus "who came not only to save the souls of men but also to introduce an economy of abundance." Governor Herring, happily ill, sent one I. T. Jones to deliver a tepid address of welcome. Mr. Jones soon evaporated, as Wallace Short of Sioux City began an excoriating reply. This was really the most valuable speech of the occasion. He praised the farmers who conducted the Holiday strike at Sioux City three years ago, "when they tied up the city as tight as if it had been besieged by an army." He called for justice for the producers of America by orderly and constitutional methods, but put his finger on the chief difficulty of obtaining it by such processes, *viz.*, the inability of the farmers' representatives to stand up against cajolery, flattery, sophistry and ridicule—or something worse.

This is the crux of the political situation as sized up by the rank and file of the gathering. Whatever happens at the polls, the government will be in the hands of the Chambers of Commerce and Associated Industries until a new party provides discipline and esprit de corps for the well meaning but wavering representatives of the producing classes. Even when a state government, as in North Dakota, is radical enough to pass an anti-injunction law, it is defied with impunity by the business interests of Fargo, with their control of judges and police. It is this impotence which is driving farmers and all workers to exasperation. So far, Governor Olson is the only executive who has called out the troops to enforce the law in behalf of labor. His presence at Des Moines would have invigorated the sentiment for a third party that received formal approval in the resolutions.

In the afternoon the audience was larger, probably 10,000, divided between blue-shirted farmers

and citizens of Des Moines with social interests, whom it is customary here to refer to as Townsends. Many of these people are retired farmers, or at least but one generation removed from the soil, forced by stress of circumstances into alliances of which they are doubtful. They give to Iowa its essentially conservative and fundamentalist temper as compared with the more radical Northwest. Hence the Holiday Association, making Iowa its home, puts its trust in "the flag and Almighty God."

To this audience Milo Reno read rapidly his keynote speech attacking the national administration and Secretary Wallace. It was almost as if he did not care to have it heard. "The solemn covenant entered into between the administration and the people in 1932 should be fulfilled, or the administration should resign." "Only one promise has been kept—beer." He declared that the Secretary of Agriculture takes his orders from Wall Street, and sneered at his ill success in promoting "birth control in the swine family." Throughout the conference it was noteworthy that the limitation of production and the destruction of food rankled in the farmer's bosom. It was a *reductio ad absurdum* of his existence, and made it meaningless. Before this, farmers have burned their corn and fed wheat to livestock, but that the government should so reduce supplies in the face of great need is becoming the unpardonable sin in agrarian politics.

At last the hero approaches. He pauses at the barrier to buy a bag of peanuts. As that has been the luncheon of most of us he is endeared to us at once. We cheer as he ascends the rostrum and greets Milo Reno as an old friend, newly found. Every inch a presidential candidate, he kisses the little girl who is kept on hand for such occasions. When the band plays the song of his composition, "Every Man a King," he sings into the loud speaker. Occasionally he eats a few democratic peanuts, spitting out the shells. In short, to adapt Marvell's line,

He all things common did and mean
Upon that memorable scene,

but he won all our hearts—an engagingly boyish figure, jovial and impudent, Tom Sawyer in a toga. It is with regret that we compose ourselves to listen to Milo Reno's superfluous introduction of "the hero whom God in his goodness has vouchsafed to his children," in compensation for "Roosevelt, Wallace, Tugwell and the rest of the traitors."

The Senator from Louisiana begins by playfully alluding to his success in singing his song "without anyone throwin' things at me." He refers to his good standing in the Democratic Party and the Baptist Church, though he confesses a family failing similar to that of a cousin, a Baptist like himself, who showed a tendency to wander over to the Methodists. (As we are most of us Methodists or Baptists, this goes very well.) He has been converted so many times to the Democratic or Repub-

lican Party that he finds it hard to distinguish between them, and in fact there is no difference. Hoover and Roosevelt ended by running on the same platform, of which the common plank, cut down the big fortunes, was announced by himself in April, 1932.

The Senator then announces that he will deal with the elementary processes of arithmetic. In 1915, 60 percent of the wealth of the country was owned by two percent of the people; in 1932 this percentage was owned by one percent; in 1935 by one-half of one percent. We have \$262,000,000,000 of debt, or \$2,100 resting upon every child born. Of our annual income of \$42,000,000,000, \$28,000,000,000 goes out for interest and taxes. Meanwhile prices of everything are going higher and 75 percent of the people have nothing left with which to buy. In this crisis, "are you going to let a little bloated plutocracy control the United States government?" We assert the contrary with violence. Then here is the remedy. Give everyone a home of one-third the average value of all homes, say \$5,000. Limit private fortunes to 300 times the average, say \$5,000,000. Assure everyone an income, and limit incomes, on the same basis, *i.e.*, one-third of the average to 300 times the average. If you can't understand this, "Shut your damned eyes and believe it."

A little shocked at this, we recover to turn to the Bible. We are bidden to see Nehemiah, the fifth chapter, where the people cried, "We are mortgaging our fields, and our vineyards, and our houses . . . we bring into bondage our sons and our daughters to be servants . . . neither is it in our power to help it; for other men have our fields and our vineyards." And Nehemiah said to the ruling class: "Restore, I pray you, to them, even this day, their fields, their vineyards, their oliveyards, and their houses." It can be seen how this strikes home to an audience of men and women who are struggling to keep their farms from their creditors, who regard the Federal Farm Banks as ruled by the money changers. We are also referred to Leviticus, the twenty-fifth chapter, wherein it is commanded every fiftieth year, the year of jubilee, "ye shall return every man unto his possession." We are asked, "Do you believe in the Word of God? Put up your hands." It is almost unanimous. Then a few words about flood control. Nine billion dollars would be sufficient. Five billions are already appropriated, but they will be spent mainly for election to office. The speaker laments the falseness of political parties, and in a voice that breaks a little confesses: "Sometimes it seems an almost hopeless task." Then as in a last charge he challenges the audience: "Do you believe in the redistribution of wealth?" This time it is unanimous.

It is true, when the resolutions committee of the Holiday Association got down to business little was heard of sharing our wealth. The economic formula was production for use rather than profit, and reform was discussed in reference to the Federal

Farm Banks. Nevertheless Senator Long's invasion of the Middle West opened new territory, and may have results depending on what the communists call the sharpening of the crisis.

Des Moines.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Two Poems

I

worshipping Same
they squirm and they spawn
and a world is for them,them;whose
death's to be born)

his birth is their fear is their blind fear
—haunts all unsleep
this cry of one fiend
a thousand dreams thick

(cringing they brood
breeding they wince)
his laugh is a million griefs wide(it
shall bury much stench)

and a hundred joys high are such shoulders
as cowards will scheme
to harness:let all
unfools of unbeing

set traps for his heart,
lay snares for his feet
(who wanders through only white darkness
who moves in black light

dancing isn'ts on why,digging bridges with mirrors
from whispers to stars;
climbing silence for ifs
diving under because)

only who'll say
"and this be my fame,
the harder the wind blows the
taller i am"

II

conceive a man, should he have anything
would give a little more than it away

(his autumn's winter being summer's spring
who moved by standing in november's may)
from whose(if loud most howish time derange

the silent whys of such a deathlessness)
remembrance might no patient mind unstrange
learn(nor could all earth's rotting scholars guess
that life shall not for living find the rule)

and dark beginnings are his luminous ends
who far less lonely than a fire is cool
took bedfellows for moons mountains for friends

—open your thighs to fate and (if you can
withholding nothing)World, conceive a man

E. E. CUMMINGS.

Mr. Mellon in Court

THERE are already nearly two million words in the record of the hearing of Andrew W. Mellon's appeal from the government's claim of \$3,089,000 in tax and penalty for fraud on his 1931 income. It is an encyclopedia of the Mellon fortune and at the same time a vast manual of tax avoidance for those who fall into Mr. Mellon's class. Only to taxpayers who come within the rarefied topmost bracket would this manual be of any practical value, for its use implies resources on the Mellon scale; interests that interlock and overlap, banking, finance, aluminum, oil, a half-dozen natural resources, all so subtly interwoven that the hand of the accountant defies the ordinary eye. And this is only the beginning of the record. The ultimate conclusion of the Mellon tax suit is several million words and at least two years away.

The drama of the hearing is curiously dated. There have been so many trials in this tradition that the principals seem to fall into their roles with an almost threadbare familiarity. First of all there is Mr. Mellon, although it must be said that he hardly does justice to the conventional figure of the "interests." He is very frail, he is very gentle, very soft-spoken and shy, with an odd detached kind of humor, as though the whole business concerned a set of people on Mars. Everyone agrees that he is a "perfect" witness and, they add, if this were a jury trial it would all be over. Instead, a division of the Board of Tax Appeals, three members, is hearing Mr. Mellon's appeal.

But if Mr. Mellon is somewhat miscast, his chief of counsel more than makes up for it. Frank J. Hogan defended Doheny from the charges that grew out of the oil scandals of the Harding Cabinet, the same Cabinet in which Mr. Mellon served as the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton. The newspaper cliché "dapper" fits Mr. Hogan. He has an excellent tailor, a fine courtroom manner, a shrewd resourcefulness, and at least eight or nine assistants. His opponent, Robert H. Jackson, general counsel of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, is young, ardent, sincere, deeply convinced of the cause he is arguing. And what is equally important, and even a little out of character, he knows, as the result of months of study, perhaps more about the Mellon fortune than all except three or four men, including Mr. Mellon himself.

What distinguishes this case from those that have gone before is that the task of the people's champion is so much more difficult. There is hardly a phase of the building of the Mellon empire that has not been touched upon, from the founding of the fortune in stern old Thomas Mellon's banking

rooms to the fondness of young Paul Mellon for English literature and scholarship at Clare College, Cambridge. And that takes in pretty much of Pittsburgh's rise, the growth of steel and high finance, described in flights of accountancy quite beyond the understanding of the lay person.

There are certain phases of the Mellon suit that seem to me particularly revealing. The first concerns the complex series of transactions between those corporate entities owned entirely by the three members of the Mellon family—the father, the son, Paul, and the daughter, Mrs. Ailsa Mellon Bruce. The two principal family corporations were Ascalot and Coalesced. While he was Secretary of the Treasury Mr. Mellon asked the Bureau of Internal Revenue to send over a young man whom he could employ in connection with his personal affairs. The Collector sent Donald R. Shepard, one of the most promising young men in the Bureau, and Shepard has served as tax attorney to Mr. Mellon ever since. It was Shepard, the testimony has shown, who was largely responsible for setting up Ascalot and Coalesced and the two or three wholly owned subsidiaries with which they dealt. This was done, "as a matter of course," Mellon has testified, to establish legal tax losses—tax avoidance. These corporations served another purpose, too, the government charges, enabling Mr. Mellon to pass along to his children free of tax large gifts of securities valued at more than \$60,000,000. Testimony as to the transactions between Mr. Mellon, Ascalot, Coalesced and their subsidiaries occupied many days. It was clearly shown that whatever the net result of these deals to the three individuals involved, the government always lost.

This the government concedes to have been largely tax avoidance, that is, wholly legal finagling to pare down the amount of the Mellon income subject to income surtax. The crux of the fraud charge is the deal in stock of the Pittsburgh Coal Company. Since its founding the Mellons have dominated the Union Trust Company of Pittsburgh. When Andrew went to Washington to become Secretary of the Treasury, he drew up a contract to sell his stock in Union Trust and other banks to his brother, R. B. Mellon. Thus, he contends, he complied with the statute which holds that the Secretary of the Treasury shall have no connection with any bank. The government has sought to prove, as Mr. Mellon's foes in the Senate and the House were fond of charging, that it was merely the form of a sale that the two brothers went through.

It has been established in the course of the present hearing that during all the time that R. B.

Mellon held the bank stock, under contract of sale, he paid over to Andrew Mellon in "interest" sums that were almost exactly equivalent to the dividends paid by these stocks. Furthermore, by a round-about process Andrew Mellon availed himself of the rights issued by bank stock which his brother nominally held to acquire additional stock holdings while he was Secretary of the Treasury.

This issue, of whether or not Mr. Mellon actually retained control of his stock and therefore continued to dominate Union Trust, is vital to the government's contention in the Pittsburgh Coal deal. When it came time to make out his 1931 income, Mr. Mellon, according to the story he told on the witness stand, looked about for a stock holding that would show, if sold, a sizable loss which might be used to reduce his gross income for that year, a gross income, incidentally, of more than \$13,000,000. He picked out Pittsburgh Coal and sold it for a loss of more than \$5,000,000 to the Union Trust Company. A few months later this block of Pittsburgh Coal found its way into the portfolio of the Coalesced Corporation. This was a fictitious sale, the government contends, which served the double purpose of cutting a big slice off the Mellon income and of passing along to the Mellon heirs, free of gift tax, one of the vital units in the Mellon empire.

Days of testimony were taken up in an attempt to show that Pittsburgh Coal was indeed vital to the Mellon structure, and that under no circumstances would Mr. Mellon have sold it if he had believed that it was really to pass beyond control of his family. Mr. Mellon's most embarrassing moment came during this phase of the cross-examination. Mr. Jackson had asked him if he had ever been able to sell the Pittsburgh Coal stock except at a loss and Mr. Mellon answered with assurance in the negative. Thereupon Mr. Jackson produced a deposition that Mr. Mellon had made a year ago in another suit, swearing to the details of a highly profitable offer of more than \$10,000,000 made by Frank E. Taplin. This put Mr. Mellon in something of a dilemma, but on the following day he explained, in answer to questions of his own counsel, that it was his loyalty to Pittsburgh that had caused him to refuse this offer, knowing as he did that Mr. Taplin would have hauled the coal to the seaboard on Mr. Taplin's own railroads.

There was another surprise when Mr. Jackson confronted Mr. Mellon with a memorandum addressed "To the Secretary of the Treasury," "pursuant to your request," and signed by David H. Blair, who was Mr. Mellon's Collector of Internal Revenue. This memorandum set forth ten different ways of legal tax avoidance open to individuals of great wealth. Mr. Mellon could not remember seeing the memorandum and therefore it was only a coincidence, he testified, that he himself had employed five of the methods described.

But all this is merely an exercise for the primer class. The really complex phase of the case is concerned with the transaction by which Bethlehem Steel acquired certain assets of the McClintic-Marshall Corporation and the important question is whether this was a sale, as the government contends, or a merger, as Mr. Mellon contends. Nearly a million dollars of the tax deficiency turns on the answer to this question. It leads into realms of accountancy where oxygen tanks are a necessity.

The McClintic-Marshall Corporation is a beautiful example of the way in which rich men make money. Young McClintic and his partner, Marshall, just out of the engineering school, came to the Mellon brothers for financial backing to start a steel construction company at the turn of the century. Each Mellon put in \$75,000 and the McClintic-Marshall Corporation was formed. It developed, with the growth of America, a dozen or more subsidiaries, it built skyscrapers and steel ships and the locks to the Panama Canal and innumerable great bridges. In an infinite number of ways, and almost without effort, the Mellons were able to throw business to McClintic-Marshall. In 1930 Andrew Mellon's share of the corporation was valued at \$20,000,000.

It was just at this time that the Mellons, McClintic and Marshall decided to unload. Their first step was to strip the McClintic-Marshall Corporation of assets that Bethlehem did not want to acquire and deposit them in the Union Construction Company. The subsidiaries were dissolved in a long series of transactions. What remained Bethlehem acquired. Andrew Mellon's share was \$6,300,000, in bonds and stock of Bethlehem. Of this he sold \$2,300,000, and on the latter amount he paid a tax. But the government contends that the entire \$6,300,000 was subject to taxation, and at a higher rate than was paid on the \$2,300,000.

As given here, the whole thing is vastly simplified. Testimony on this phase took up more than three weeks. The government showed that just before the sale Bethlehem bought on the open market the greater part of the securities that were transferred to the four partners. The government also brought out that Mr. Shepard was present at several of the discussions between officers of the various companies involved in the deal.

Government counsel sought to develop this line further. By the introduction of certain letters, for which he sought a subpoena, Mr. Jackson argued that he could prove that Mr. Shepard had been a party to the whole transaction, that he had directed it with a view to tax evasion and that therefore this phase of the suit also involved a fraud charge. Ernest H. Van Fossan, presiding over the division of the Board of Tax Appeals, replied in what was hardly judicial language that Mr. Jackson's assumption was "false, ill tempered and not useful." It was this that caused the recent angry exchange of statements between Mr. Jackson and Mr. Hogan.

Still another phase of the suit involves the A. W.

Mellon Charitable and Educational Trust, the basis for Mr. Mellon's counter-claim for a tax refund of \$139,000. Five years ago Mr. Mellon began to turn over to this trust paintings of great value, many of them acquired from the Hermitage Gallery in Leningrad. All these pictures have remained either in the Mellon apartment in Washington or sealed in a private vault in the Corcoran Gallery. The trustees are Mr. Mellon himself, Paul, Mr. Shepard and—a recent addition—the Mellon son-in-law, David K. E. Bruce. The whole thing is merely a device, the government charges, for passing the Mellon art collection to the next generation free of tax. On the stand Mr. Mellon testified that he had no present plans for building a public art gallery in Washington or anywhere else.

What Mr. Jackson tried to bring out from time to time, usually with very little success because of the objections of opposing counsel, was that Mr. Mellon's hold on the Pittsburgh industrial area has increased with the depression. And this is apparent from even a brief survey. The chief rival to the Mellon National Bank, the Bank of Pittsburgh, went under when it might have been saved by \$5,000,000. According to stories printed in the Pittsburgh papers, R. B. Mellon and his son wanted to save this bank, had in part given their word to save it, but the head of the dynasty, having advance information that England would go off the gold standard and realizing what might happen in the financial markets of the world as a result of this action, turned thumbs down. At the start of the depression there were eight banks in Pittsburgh proper that were Mellon banks and more than sixty independent banks. In Pittsburgh today there are only thirty competitors and of this number there are only ten that do not clear through the Mellon banks.

As the tax hearing continued from week to week, public interest dwindled. The Pittsburgh newspapers were occupied for the most part with awarding Mr. Mellon a martyr's halo. To make the day-to-day testimony intelligible at all, it was necessary to point out the significance behind the routine of the courtroom. A correspondent of *The New York Times* did an excellent job of impartial interpretation, but otherwise the meaning of what was happening was almost entirely lost in a fog of obscure detail in which it seemed that somehow Mr. Mellon usually scored.

During the five days of his testimony Mr. Mellon showed that he was not averse to wearing a halo. Nothing that has occurred since he left public life has changed any of his views, even minutely, it was plain from his testimony. In this decadent latter day he alone is a rock of integrity, a serene Christian before the lions.

As I have said, this is all somehow familiar, so familiar that apparently to the public it is merely the old battle of the "ins" and the "outs." The hearing will have a Washington phase, concerned chiefly with Mr. Mellon's pictures. Months will

pass and both sides will file voluminous briefs. More months will pass and the Board of Tax Appeals will solemnly hand down a decision. Months will pass and the issue will go to the Circuit Court of Appeals. Years will pass and finally the Supreme Court will decide what Mr. Mellon's 1931 income tax should have been.

MARQUIS W. CHILDS.

The Chevrolet Strike

SIGNS multiply that Jimmy Roland and the Chevrolet Toledo Strike Committee of which he is chairman have locked horns with Alfred P. Sloan and his General Motors Corporation in what may prove to be the decisive conflict over union recognition in the basic industries. The Toledo Chevrolet strike may unloose the 1935 strike wave as the Toledo Auto-Lite strike started off the great series of strikes in 1934.

At this writing not only is the key Toledo plant manufacturing Chevrolet transmissions shut tight, but the Fisher Body Plant in Cleveland and the Chevrolet plants in Norwood, Ohio, Janesville, Wisconsin, St. Louis and Kansas City, Missouri, Fort Smith, Arkansas, Baltimore, Maryland, and Atlanta, Georgia, are either on strike or closed for lack of essential parts. Twenty-five thousand workers are involved in these shutdowns. The next few days may see the 35,000 General Motors workers in Flint, Michigan, where the federal unions have already put a stop to the manufacture of transmissions, joining the strike. Moreover, such important corporations as Corrigan-McKinney, Republic Steel and Libby-Owens-Ford (largest glass producers in the world) have been compelled to slow down production.

The Toledo, Cleveland and Norwood strike committees have already reached an agreement that the settlement of this strike is to be effected through direct negotiations between the management and the strike committees elected by the men, not by government conciliators and high American Federation of Labor officials, that there is to be no settlement except on the basis of a signed contract giving genuine union recognition and that no struck plant goes back to work until all have achieved such a settlement.

Some months ago Jimmy Roland, stocky, broad-shouldered, square-jawed automobile worker, was conducting a one-man picket line outside the Chevrolet plant in Toledo. He had been secretary of the company union. He had been offered a position as foreman because of his efficiency. Then the company discovered that he was a union man, and a week after being offered a foremanship he was laid off for "inefficiency." An appeal to the Automobile Labor Board brought no results. He staged his one-man picket line and then was given a job in the office, though at the same wages as were paid to "production workers." Today Jimmy Roland

is chairman of the strike committee, outstanding and trusted leader of the twenty-two hundred workers in the plant who staged a 100-percent walk-out on April 23.

Particularly in recent months the spirit of unionism has grown, and nineteen automobile-parts plants in the city have signed agreements with the union. During this time, however, there was small indication that the Chevrolet men were being inoculated with the union virus. It now appears that quietly but surely the union has been winning prestige among them by its aggressiveness, its victories and its growth in membership. When recently the ill fated Automobile Labor Board (always referred to as Anti-Labor Board among the men here) ordered an election in the Chevrolet plant, the A.F. of L. advised the men to boycott it. They went ahead and voted, but voted overwhelmingly for Fred Schwake, the business agent of Local 18,384 as their representative for collective bargaining. The majority, in other words, had voted for a union, and to clinch the argument began filling out applications for membership by the hundreds.

Jimmy Roland's shop committee then moved swiftly. On behalf of the union they approached the management with a draft of an agreement providing for union recognition, wage increases, shorter hours (seven and a half instead of nine and a half per day). The management offered a compromise, but balked at a signed agreement, making instead the sort of vague offer to meet with "representatives" of the men "as provided in the Automobile Code" which has proved to be a bulwark for company unionism.

The shop committee rejected the compromise at the close of negotiations that consumed twelve hours on Monday of last week. Tuesday morning the workers struck. So many walked out that the plant was hopelessly crippled. The company admitted it and closed down. No other unions or unemployed organizations are as yet figuring in this strike. The Local is handling the job. The tie-up is 100-percent effective.

Careful investigation indicates that the situation in the Chevrolet plant came so swiftly and dramatically to a head because the company in its eagerness to turn out cars speeded up the work beyond the point of human endurance—from 120 units to 225 on a typical operation, according to a veteran worker. But if this be the occasion for the strike, the issue in the minds of the men is unquestionably that of union recognition. "The overwhelming majority of the men voted for the union. The union should therefore be the sole collective bargaining agency for the entire shop. We want a signed agreement in which the company recognizes that proposition," is their story.

Obviously this is the central issue that has kept industry, and especially the basic industries, in turmoil during the past two years. The General Motors Company recognizes the fact. After one or two feeble efforts to draw in the red herring

of "the closed shop," its spokesmen now come out flatly: "We will not sign any kind of contract with the union." There is no reason to suppose that General Motors or any of the automobile corporations has any other idea than to fight to the bitter end against independent unionism. Great resources of capital will be at their disposal.

The Toledo workers are in a determined mood. A group of militants, largely under the influence of the Workers' Party branch, has developed in the unions. They know "what it is all about." The Automobile Union here has won many victories in recent months, has "signed up" many firms including the Auto-Lite. It is not disposed to make an exception of General Motors.

In spite of certain weaknesses, the union is on the whole conducting a vigorous and intelligent battle. A strike bulletin, *Strike Truth*—modeled on *The Organizer*, issued by the Teamsters' Union in Minneapolis in its strikes last summer—is being put out. Five thousand copies of the first number were rushed off the press to be carried to Detroit by strikers who planned also to picket the head office of General Motors in that city. President Green of the A.F. of L. did not call the strike, though he had the strike votes of automobile federal locals in his pocket. He has, however, strongly endorsed the strike, presumably as a warning to the Roosevelt administration that trouble may be expected if the Wagner bill is not passed.

What is the actual attitude of the automobile industry toward a showdown with labor at this time remains in doubt. Some observers believe that if a strike is coming, the industry would not object to having it now rather than later. It is even suggested that the tremendous production of recent months has been partly caused by the attempt to prepare for a long, enforced shutdown if necessary. While people are buying more automobiles, they are not doing so in proportion to the increased production. Dealers' stocks have risen enormously and so have unsold cars in the hands of manufacturers. So, incidentally, have the supplies of second-hand automobiles. On the other hand, competition is keen among Ford, Chrysler and General Motors. An overwhelming percentage, if not all, of the transmissions for Chevrolet and Pontiac cars are made in the Toledo plant now on strike, which has highly specialized machinery and a skilled working force that cannot be replaced in a hurry.

The outcome hinges on whether the progressive elements in the Toledo union can do what the progressives so far have failed to do in steel, rubber and in automobiles generally: namely, circumvent attempts which are likely to be made by government representatives and American Federation of Labor officials to patch up a "settlement" that settles nothing—such as led to the establishment of the ill fated Automobile Labor Board last year—and instead force recognition of the independent union.

A TOLEDO CORRESPONDENT.

Washington Notes

*Coming Events Cast a Long Shadow—Doping
the Presidential Derby—Dark Horses
and Republican Hopes*

THE EXTENT to which the presidential campaign, though actually sixteen months away, hangs over this session of Congress and saturates the atmosphere of the Capitol is little short of ridiculous. Aside from the normal reasons for this state of affairs, there is the additional one that there are in the Senate today three individuals each of whom is believed to cherish 1936 presidential aspirations in one form or another. While no sane political book-maker would at this moment regard any one of them as anything save the longest kind of shot, almost any competent judge would concede the possibility of each of them proving a real factor in the next fight. The result is that the Senate sessions from now on will reek with presidential politics. Hardly a move will be made that is not influenced by the 1936 situation.

The three Senators to whom I refer are Huey Long of Louisiana, Arthur Vandenberg of Michigan and Robert M. La Follette of Wisconsin. Of the three, Senator Long is the most interesting and the most important politically. I say this because it seems clear that in the third-party movement lies whatever uncertainty there may be as to Mr. Roosevelt's reelection, and to a very large extent this movement centers around Huey. So far as Senator La Follette is concerned, the best posted belief is that he will confine his Progressive Party to Wisconsin, and it is possible the La Follettes may put Mr. Roosevelt at the head of their ticket. Otherwise, either Phil or Bob will carry the banner, but unless they change their plans it will be a state campaign, not a national one.

Father Coughlin is not, and by reason of his Canadian birth cannot be, a presidential candidate. Hence we come to Huey. The administration's political strategists are not at all sure Huey will run, but they are quite sure if any running is done, Huey will do it. The question in the minds of the observers here is whether in that event it would be possible for him to divert a sufficient number of votes from Mr. Roosevelt to give a Republican a chance. The arguments on this score approach absurdity. There are far too many "ifs" to make speculation more than silly. Unquestionably there is a large liberal—or radical, if you want to call it that—vote that no longer trusts the President and is convinced there is no real hope in following him. On the other hand, only the utterly impractical believe there is the remotest chance of electing a third-party candidate, and most of them would prefer Mr. Roosevelt to either a reactionary Republican or an imitation New Dealer. That is the weakness of the third-party position and the big handicap of a third-party candidate.

Another weakness, so far as Huey is concerned, is a lack of faith in his sincerity and a distaste for his type. A further weakness is the difficulty in getting the other radical leaders to support him. I am quite convinced that the La Follettes will not do so. The indications are that Father Coughlin is getting himself into position to support Mr. Roosevelt, but expects, through pressure of his National

Union of Social Justice, to force Mr. Roosevelt in his direction. Governor Olson, of Minnesota, is a shrewd fellow, but his friends say that he is not likely to tie up with Huey Long in a profitless campaign. All of this may be true, but it will not do to discount Huey's strength. I do not take any stock in the idea that he will induce Senator Burton K. Wheeler, or anyone else, to head his ticket. I consider his gestures toward Borah and Norris and Nye mere stage play. In the first place, Huey could not deliver his popular following to anyone else, and in the second place he does not want to. No one who has checked up on his mail will minimize his following or doubt that, under certain favorable conditions, he could have a very great nuisance value in the campaign.

On the other hand, President Roosevelt will enter the campaign with three great political assets—assets great enough to make him, so his friends argue, unbeatable. First, there will still remain in his hands next year a large part of the \$4,880,000,000 work-relief fund recently voted him by Congress. The political effect of the mere possession of this sum is hard to exaggerate. Second, more than one-sixth of the nation will be either on the federal payroll as employees or receiving federal checks for public work, veteran's compensation, relief or crop bonuses. It is not true, of course, that all of them will automatically support the administration, but a very great number will. Those directly on the payroll certainly will. A third asset is the weakness of the alternative offered by the Republicans. It is not at all likely to be an attractive one. I mentioned above Senator Vandenberg because a great many think he is now in the best position of any Republican aspirant. One of the few Republican Senators reelected last fall, he is not allied with either wing of the party, but has kept a middle-of-the-road path between the Old Guard East and the Progressive West. Geographically, his state, Michigan, is right, and its nineteen electoral votes entitle it to real political consideration. Quite a number of well posted men regard Mr. Vandenberg as the party's best bet today, but I think it is a sufficient description of him to say that I know of no one who is enthusiastic about him.

The same thing can be said with perfect truth of the other Republicans regarded as more or less in the field. Colonel Frank Knox, the militant anti-New Deal publisher of The Chicago Daily News, has some sterling qualities and a progressive slant, but he is not widely known. Perhaps that is an advantage, but the politicians do not so consider it. Neither Governor Landon of Kansas nor Hoffman of New Jersey, it seems to me, is to be taken seriously. They are mentioned by correspondents at a loss to make their dispatches seem meaty, and they have some friends. But when you get the friends off in a corner, you discover that what they really feel is that Governor Landon or Governor Hoffman would make a swell vice-presidential candidate. Governor Winant of New Hampshire is a stronger man politically and personally than either. Also, he has had White House visions for quite some time, but New Hampshire is such a little state, and four electoral votes are so negligible, that, while neither ought to weigh against him, the practical politicians have never warmed to Winant. Perhaps they have other reasons. As for the suggestions of Associate Justices Stone or

Roberts, I regard them as so much wasted time. Neither of those astute and far-sighted jurists is apt, I think, to be lured off the Bench. The 1916 experience of their distinguished Chief is still fresh in their minds. Summing up the Republican situation, I agree that Vandenberg seems to have as good a chance as any.

Far be it from me to indulge in a political prediction about anything so remote as the 1936 election, but I cannot refrain from saying that, even conceding Mr. Roosevelt's loss of popularity, the Republicans will have to have an awful lot of luck to elect a candidate next time. The heavy artillery is on the Roosevelt side. But, this can be truthfully said—the Republicans today have hope. Last January they could not figure any way in which Mr. Roosevelt could be beaten in 1936. Now, give them an electoral table, a piece of paper and a pencil, and there are quite a number who can figure half a dozen ways.

Washington.

T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Hiding Behind Glass Skirts—Reserve Board Row—Unregenerate Bankers—How to Overhaul Our Banking System

A STRANGE battle gets under way in Washington. It is a continuance of the scrap between the government and the bankers. But now the bankers, thoroughly whipped, pitifully discredited and without courage, cower timidly behind the skirts of the fiery little Senator from Virginia whom, twenty-two years ago, they called a radical.

The row is all about the Reserve Board and that much maligned banking bill fathered by Marriner S. Eccles, the new governor of the Reserve Board. In brief, the bill is a plan to give the government control of the money functions of the board. The bankers are violently opposed to this. But, for some reason, perhaps because of the situation in which the American Bankers' Association president finds himself, they are afraid to come out with an attack commensurate with their rage. Instead, they filed a timorous little brief in which they protest their agreement with the bill—in all of its seventy-eight pages—except for one little section or two. But these happen to be the heart of the bill. Their disagreement with that feature is expressed in the most remarkable proposal. Here it is.

Mr. Eccles asks that certain functions of the Reserve System (the open-market operations) be lodged in a committee of three Reserve Board members and two Reserve Board governors. The bankers suggest that the committee be nine—five Reserve Board members and four governors. It looks like tweedledum and tweedledee. But it is much more than that, as we shall see.

At present the open-market operations of the Reserve System are carried on by a committee made up of the governors of the Reserve Banks. The Reserve Banks belong to the bankers. Hence this function is in the hands of the representatives of the bankers. It is an important function. The open-market committee decides when the Reserve System shall purchase United States bonds and when it shall sell them. When the system purchases United States bonds, the effect is to enlarge the country's monetary

supplies by increasing bank reserves or, perhaps, by actually increasing currency. This happens because when the Reserve System buys large quantities of bonds, the Reserve Banks must pay for them. And this they do by issuing Reserve notes—currency—or by giving the sellers credit for the purchase price, which increases the cash reserves of the banks. Obviously when the Reserve Banks sell bonds instead of buying them, the effect is the reverse—a contraction of currency or of bank reserves.

Mr. Eccles—and perhaps the President, though he has been rather cagey about the matter thus far, leaving himself, as usual, plenty of room to retreat—insists that this power over the money supplies of the nation is too great to be lodged in the hands of private bankers. He therefore proposes in Title II of the bill to take that power from them and to lodge it in the Reserve Board, which is appointed by the President. He proposes, however, to give the bankers an advisory role by allotting to their governors a minority representation on the open-market committee which carries on this function. He suggests that the Reserve Board have three members and the bankers two. The bankers ask that they be given four out of nine instead of two out of five. Their hope must be that in a large committee they would stand a better chance of capturing one of the government's five members and thus turning the minority into a majority.

But the truth is that while they suggest this modest change, their actual hope is that Senator Glass will make the real fight against the whole blooming thing. Also that the United States Chamber of Commerce will, as usual, pull their chestnuts out of the fire by carrying on a vigorous fight behind the Virginia Senator.

Glass is against the proposal because he insists that no bunch of politicians should have the right to manipulate our money supplies to conform to political policies. Why he should suppose that it is all right for a bunch of business men to manipulate our money for their own purposes it is difficult to say. It is hard to see how any group of politicians could have made a worse job of it than the bankers and the business men have done up to now. And if our money supplies are to be manipulated, is it not better to trust the job to the government, which represents the public, than to the bankers, who represent themselves? The bankers are supposed to be repentant and chastened. But in view of the last election of the American Bankers' Association they can hardly be said to be completely regenerate. They named as their president a man whose bank failed to open when the bank holiday ended. In fact it did not open until it was supplied with Reconstruction Finance Corporation funds, and the R.F.C. refused to furnish these funds unless its own man was named as president, thus necessitating kicking the bank's president upstairs to the chairmanship of the board. Such a banker the regenerate bankers of America chose as their president and spokesman this year, which perhaps explains why the fraternity coos so softly and gingerly when it goes to Washington.

There seems to be no good reason why the government should not possess this important function with regard to money. However, something can be said against the bill on this score. If Congress were to recast our banking system—as it should do—so as not only to unify it but to eliminate

from it all of those intolerable and unworkable features of long-term lending, security loans, etc., which have proved so costly in the past, and then, as part of that general overhauling, lodge in the Reserve System or some other central-bank institution a government control over bank credit, the proposition would be supportable.

Unfortunately, no attempt has been made by this administration to deal with that vast mess which is our banking system. It remains with all its pre-Rooseveltian infirmities—the same bankers, the same methods, the same dual system, the bad ethics, even holding-company banking is recognized and encouraged by being legalized—and it is all supported by the crutch of deposit insurance. The President, apparently, has taken no interest in real banking reform. About the only thing he has done has been to appoint Eccles governor of the Reserve Board. Eccles is a young man, a practical banker, a liberal. He is that curious phenomenon, a banker with an immense curiosity about the economic system in which we live, who is genuinely disposed to know what it is all about. This is full of promise. From such a man something may be expected, if he is not elbowed out of court.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

Cops and Robbers

THERE is of course nothing much worse in movie criticism than the practice of reviewing pictures by reading their scripts carefully through one's spectacles; but there is also such a thing as a competently made picture's failing to come off properly because of difficulties that got their start before the film even went into work, and several of the new shows seem made just to illustrate this. Take Warners' "G Men," well enough made, well enough invested in the characters of James Cagney, Edward Pawley, Robert Armstrong, etc., yet falling considerably below the pace for excitement set by its more frank predecessors among the gangster shows.

That the production is breaking the doors down at its first New York showings (at the time of writing, the Strand Theatre is dark only three hours out of the twenty-four), seems to indicate that the public has been dying for a little dish of crime—but not so fast there, public. The keepers of national morals have long since put their flat feet down on any attempt to show crime truthfully as an actual, if exciting, phenomenon. And so the writers of "G Men" had to wriggle around and show the underworld from the top looking down, dissolving finally on the hint that old Joe Crime, he dies herewith. And so we get Cagney in the well worn service situation, with few changes. He joins the federal agents to revenge a pal, and whom does he butt his tough head directly into but an old back-breaker of a training officer, and what is the officer equipped with but (steady now: surprise) a neat little bit of sister. Brother and sister would rather die than come near Cagney of course, though really loving him dearly all along; and that is the plot. Most of the time they stick to it, the driving urge behind the war against crime waves being largely Cagney's desire (1) for personal revenge, (2) to get even with toughy, (3) to get next toughy's sister. Rising out of all this lah-dee-dah,

the massacre at Union Station, the acting out of the historic surprise of Dillinger and the boys, and the various other hold-ups and counterplots borrowed from recent gangster history—this more serious business, though handled with straight and ripping realism, comes with diminished intensity.

The big-time gangster as a sort of inverted public hero (not enemy), a lonely, possessed and terrible figure burning himself inevitably out at inhuman speeds, is not shown here. In "G Men" he is simply a dangerous bad man who would have gone on nefariously forever if the government had not come along and with the aid of love and that delightful man Cagney, put a stop to him for good. All gone now, all better. It not only makes a flabby evasion of the rather cruel truth, but it makes a flabby picture, and a disappointment.

In blaming the slowness of "Les Miserables" on the story (here, incidentally, is another variation on the cops-and-robbers theme), I do not wish to misprise the screen writers, who have made one of the most compact scenarios imaginable out of this infinitely rambling work. But whatever is wrong cannot be laid to the way the story was made into a picture. Fredric March carries the part of Valjean through the years of respectability and flight well enough; Charles Laughton continues to be a baffling figure, impressive even in his inevitable overplaying. And although the early business in the galleys is too artificial to be powerful, the action scenes in general—mobs and carriage rides, challenges, armed turbulence, movement in the streets—are carried off boldly and well.

The structural fault (and one seems to sense some such thing vaguely rather than to spot it at once) lies in a certain sweet irreality introduced by the relations between Valjean and his rather insipid ward, and by the whole pappy love affair between the ward and Mr. John Beal—who should really have been remanded to the Boy Scouts some time back. Richard Boleslawsky's genius as a director lies more in the coöordination of complex matters than in attention to character, but it is becoming an axiom in films that anyone who can make something more than a silly paper bag out of Fredric March, can handle actors and no mistake. I mean to say the director cannot be blamed for the uneven and loose texture that keeps "Les Miserables" from being a first-rate film. The silly and slow parts are traceable to the story, and they leave the picture just good enough so that it should have been better.

And then along the same line, there is the Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur production, "The Scoundrel," starring Noel Coward. Hecht and MacArthur are the literary boys who have found out enough about making movies so that you needn't worry over whether their show will move with vigor and effect. But even as literary writers, one will recall, they were sometimes so bright as to shine in their own eyes. And much the same goes for this picture.

Noel Coward is a publisher completely without scruple, seducing anything with skirts and letting her know beforehand that there will be no dashed nonsense; slick, cynical, supremely bored—got everybody's number but too ghastly much work to call them up or down, you know really. And this part is done with a fine sharp point, the literary types being traced in with just enough acid to show to a fraction how many cocktail parties Mr. Hecht has

weathered. Epigrams sprouting like a crop of wheat, etc. But when the turning point has been reached and it is necessary to go below the hard surface for some ending that will knock their eye out, the boys get heels over band-box in the hardly new situation of the man without a soul who cannot rest in death until he has felt pity, touched a human heart ("He prayeth best who loveth best," etc., of all the ancient albatrosses). By a judicious use of music, sea shots, Noel Coward, and a certain common-sense attitude toward the macabre, they carry off this end of the story with less of bathos than might be imagined. But the film in general is so fastidious in skirting the homely dumbness of average Hollywood productions that it does not create figures and situations that will enlist people's hearts.

And the striking elements it substitutes for more accustomed emotions prove to be different, but not convincing.

There are other pictures abroad: "Babyface Harrington" and "Star of Midnight," both swaggery and amusing; and for musicals "Naughty Marietta," which is good Victor Herbert; "Mississippi," with Fields, Crosby and atmosphere (silly but bearable); and "George White's Scandals"—poor but with some bright moments in song and situation. For a chiller there is "Mark of the Vampire"; for an average detective there is "The Casino Murder Case"; for rough and spotty comedy there is "Hold 'em Yale"; and for staying away from there are "Reckless" and "Strangers All." This is not the whole list, but it is enough.

OTIS FERGUSON.

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

The Utilities' Tactics

SIR: Here is something I believe you would like to know. The utilities are resorting to high-pressure tactics to defeat the proposed Wheeler-Rayburn bill. This is the way one of these companies in a city near here has piled up mass pressure:

Each employee has to get twenty-five people to write three letters each, according to a sample supplied by the company. These letters must be written in longhand, not typed. The company supplies the paper, the envelope and the stamps. Each employee must bring in his quota of seventy-five letters to the plant, where they are looked over, sealed, stamped and mailed. No employee is exempt from this service—the only alternative is to be fired. It is easy to imagine how many people wrote letters with only that idea in mind: if I don't write a letter for this fellow he is liable to lose his job.

This is the most sickening example of this type of thing that has ever come to my attention. As a disinterested onlooker I can only wonder what practices the holding companies wish to hide. Certainly they must be shaking in their boots to resort to such tactics.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

CASINDANIA P. EATON.

More About Gallup

SIR: As associate counsel for the defense, representing the Civil Liberties Union, I should like to present a summation of the evidence given at the preliminary hearing in the Gallup mine workers' case which resulted in the holding of ten miners on charges of first-degree murder and four others on charges of aiding a prisoner to escape. The incident on which the charges are based, the fatal shooting of Sheriff Carmichael, took place as Exiquel Novarro, militant labor leader, was being led from the courtroom after a hearing on charges of reëntering a property after eviction. Novarro's fellow workers had been illegally excluded from this trial, and at its conclusion the workers, anxious, suspicious and indignant, crowded around the rear exit of the courtroom. Sheriff Roberts, the state's star witness, told how he and Sheriff Carmichael, backed by a posse of deputies, "worked their way" through the crowd with the prisoner, turned east and walked forty or fifty feet. Then Sheriff Roberts heard two shots fired, and Sheriff Carmichael fell into his arms—mortally wounded. Instantly Roberts turned west; he saw Ignacio Velarde about fifteen or twenty feet away aiming at him; further to the right (west) he saw Solomon Esquibel also aiming at him. He pulled his gun; shot at Velarde. Velarde fell dead; then he shot at Esquibel. At the first shot Esquibel went down on his hands and knees, and immediately got up; Roberts fired again—and this time Esquibel didn't get up. Altogether, fifteen or twenty shots were fired during the melee. Velarde and Esquibel had shot and killed Sheriff Carmichael; and he shot and killed them both, Sheriff Roberts concluded.

Dr. B. L. Travers, who removed one bullet lodged in Sheriff Carmichael's body, testified that it entered under the *left* arm, traveled in an oblique direction *upward*; and that another entered the *left* side of the neck. The bullet removed had a forty-five-caliber steel jacket.

What do the workers say? They assert not only the innocence of their living comrades, but also of their dead ones—Velarde and Esquibel. The workers assert that they were not armed; that no weapons were found upon the defendants nor upon any of the hundreds arrested; that although both Velarde and Esquibel fell helpless and lifeless in the alley, no gun was found upon either of them or anywhere near them (and, as the lawyers say, "or at all"). They conclude with the charge that the sheriff was shot *by his own deputies*. The deputies were to the *left* of the sheriff; the crowd, Velarde and Esquibel to the *right*. The bullets that killed Sheriff Carmichael came from the *left*. And all of the sheriffs carried forty-five-caliber pistols.

Gallup, N. M.

A. L. WIRIN.

Uncle Sam as Art Patron

SIR: The first major release from the Section of Painting and Sculpture of the Treasury was given a few brief paragraphs in two newspapers a month ago and since then has received no comment. Yet the government's program for the decoration of federal buildings is the most generous, intelligent and far-reaching I have yet heard of.

The facts briefly are these: the Treasury Department has allocated over \$250,000 to be immediately spent on some twenty mural units and fourteen sculpture units for the new Justice and Post Office buildings in Washington, and additionally some thirty mural units in federal buildings throughout the country.

The importance of the program lies not in the sums disbursed or in the number of artists employed but in the method of selection of the artists and the consequent orientation of the movement. Edward Bruce, technical adviser to the Treasury, has insisted that for this movement to become national and enduring it must be regional and decentralized; it must set up a mechanism that will develop new talent; and at any cost it must prohibit the nightmare of logrolling and vested bureaucracies which have hitherto, the world over, paralyzed the best intentions.

The thirteen artists first selected received the highest number of votes by a committee largely composed of museum directors throughout the country. No member was informed of the names of other members, and this same committee will no longer function for further selection.

Some three hundred additional artists have been thus selected to compete. Where the building is regional, a regional and temporary committee will select the competitors and pass on the sketches. In addition there will be a number of duly advertised, open and general competitions.

All the sketches submitted, however, will be sent to the Washington committee, in order that it may be kept informed as to the new artists of promise throughout the country. As a precedent against lobbying and vested interests such a set-up is almost bomb-proof. Bruce and his committee deserve the gratitude of American artists. They will never again have a greater opportunity.

Croton, N. Y.

GEORGE BIDDLE.

Must We Tell All?

SIR: According to the 1935 McGraw-Hill catalogue, Professor Pitkin's "Capitalism Carries On" "points out that now the capitalistic crisis has passed, it need not recur if capitalists put their house in order." Since this statement comes from one of the world's largest publishers of scientific books, we can no longer doubt that the depression is over. Accordingly, your persistent refusal to join the boys for a chorus of "Happy Days Are Here Again" looks very suspicious indeed. Unless you recant in an early issue, I shall be forced to conclude that your journal is secretly subsidized by the manufacturers of headache remedies.

Bell Buckle, Tenn.

TOMMY LYNN.

For Public Ownership

SIR: I believe it to be true that the same forces that require scarcity under an economy of private ownership, and that therefore put a limit to the creation of abundance and the general well-being, would have exactly the reverse effect under public ownership. Furthermore, I am quite certain that yourselves, and all other intelligent students who have not closed their minds to the truth, are of the same opinion.

But all of you continue to beat about the bush and crack down on capitalism, and none of you has the courage to come out flatly and state that the taking over of raw materials, natural resources, the productive machinery engaged in the creation of the basic needs for a desired standard of living, of communication, transportation, credit and finance is the only thing that will restore soundness to the national economy.

Is it necessary that this system proceed to the complete destruction of itself before we shall be able to replace it with a more intelligent and workable economy? It is quite true that the ignorant and unintelligent majority will probably continue to be kept in darkness as to the true nature of our problems.

I am sure that those whose power and ownership of our society, almost in its entirety, enable them to control the press and radio, and through these media the educational institutions and the lecture platforms, will do their utmost to prevent the people from understanding what is destroying them. This blind progress toward destruction, toward a fascist or communistic state, can only be halted by a broad socialization of our national economy.

Lindsay, Calif.

C. O. GRIFFIN.

Extracts from Letters

NEWS comes from the Emergency Relief Bureau of New York City of a project that it believes will make a major contribution to the study of American history. This is the compilation of a critical, annotated bibliography of the history of the development of the Western Hemisphere, the first large-scale survey of its kind since Larned's "Literature of American History" appeared thirty-two years ago. The present project is being carried out under the direction of the New York Public Library, with Dr. Gilbert C. Convers as the active head of a staff of thirty-five formerly unemployed scholars and research workers. The bibliography goes beyond Larned's work in scope as well as in time, and the staff already has gathered 50,000 items dealing with the history of Canada, the United States and Latin America, with particular attention to some of the more modern lines of interest, such as the history of labor, industrial expansion and social trends. Publication of the bibliography is expected next year.

Mr. James S. Dean, city manager of Sacramento, California, writes to take issue with our recent article, "The Battle of Sacramento," by Bruce Minton [The New Republic, February 20, 1935].

Mr. Dean denies that the defendants in the criminal-syndicalism trial were arrested and tried primarily because they were communists. He says he realizes that the Communist Party is legally qualified under the laws of California and has a place on the official ballot, but he asserts that the defendants were tried on a clear violation of the criminal-syndicalism law, which forbids the advocacy of the overthrow of the government by force or violence and forbids membership in any organization advocating such overthrow. He denies that terroristic measures were taken by authorities in Sacramento, denies that homes were searched without warrants or arrests made without due process of law, and says that all such charges are part of an organized campaign of abuse directed at all public authorities in Sacramento.

Mr. Dean's letter was shown to the author of the article, who insists upon the absolute accuracy of the facts as originally set forth. In particular he points to the testimony of Officer Baker, who said on the witness stand that at the time of the arrest of the majority of the defendants he did not have a warrant, did not have a search warrant, that he was prejudiced against the Communists, that the defendants were not told the reason for their arrest and that he (Baker) did not know why he had arrested the defendants except that he had been instructed to round up Communists. Moreover, the author points out that the original charge against the defendants was vagrancy, and not until some time after the arrests were they charged with violating the criminal-syndicalism law. He cites nationally circulated and undenied stories about 500 special deputies being sworn in as the trial opened and local stories in Sacramento newspapers of police demonstrations with tear-gas bombs as evidence of a terroristic attitude on the part of California authorities.

The National Film and Photo League announces that its branches in the major cities of the United States carried out an extensive program for recording in motion pictures the various workers' celebrations on May Day. These will be combined in newsreels for local and national showing under the auspices of the League, which sponsors all kinds of amateur and professional experimentation in motion pictures, especially from the workers' point of view, and endeavors to provide an audience for worth-while films that receive scant attention in the commercial theaters.

Mrs. Ethel Clyde, of Huntington, New York, calls attention to the joint resolution recently introduced in Congress by Representative Louis Ludlow of Indiana and now in the hands of the House Judiciary Committee. The resolution provides that except in the event of an actual invasion of territorial United States, the authority of Congress to declare war shall not become effective until confirmed by a majority of all votes cast in a nationwide referendum; and that the government shall have power to take over all war industries, the owners to be compensated at a rate not more than four percent of the assessed tax value in the year preceding the war.

A special committee at Hunter College in New York City has been formed to bring about an organized protest to college authorities against the suspension of six students for activity in the recent anti-war demonstrations, and to work for the reinstatement of the students.

Mr. Edward J. Nichols writes from State College, Pennsylvania, to point out some of the excellencies of so-called "hot" jazz, which he thinks is still being unduly neglected by musically literate Americans. Speaking of some of the performers in this field, Mr. Nichols says, "There are American wisecracks in Pee Wee Russell's clarinet; and there are tears and American gin in it, too. The nervous energy, the surface brilliance of Louis Prima's trumpet is native again; and the sustaining background of string bass, guitar and piano contains excitation of pulse and injects a lunging swing that the native traveler knows intuitively as ours. This music does not have to score a barn dance from the Ozarks, a Negro spiritual from the Blue Ridge or a subway from Manhattan. It is all of them, expressed as music without literary or program superimposition. You may not like it, but it belongs to us and I hope that some day a John Hammond or a Wilder Hobson will take the time to tell Americans more about it."

Mamma Country

Americans in England, by R. B. Mowat. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 284 pages. \$3.

I AM REMINDED, reading Mr. Mowat's book, of what Edmund Gosse once told me. At the beginning of the World War, he and two friends were talking together at the club when Henry James came up to them. "Remember, gentlemen," Henry James said, "whatever happens I am doubly as English as you are." "But nobody wanted him to be *doubly* as English," Mr. Gosse—not yet Sir—added (a very mild verb for the tone used). Such an attitude expresses one of the best sides of the English character, which, however it may growl, respects you for respecting your own. It expresses, also, incidentally, one of the explanations for the dissatisfaction that one may feel with Henry James's novels: to me, at least, he remained always an impressed Colonial, faintly and exquisitely vulgar. The subject, however, of the American relation to England is endlessly engaging. It involves such points as, say, what class of American and what class of English are we talking about; or, in the journal of Preston, the Virginian, how do we find England and English experiences taken, as compared to Emerson, who went over full of cults, mountain views, transcendental readiness and not without a certain spiritual coquetry.

There are, too, in this discussion such questions as the admiration that men like Jefferson felt for France rather than England, not to speak of his Palladian preferences. And there could be included in such an account the matter of human behavior outside of one's own country. I have seen in my travels mad things of this nature, though at the moment they need not be discussed.

From early days American-born persons were going to England, back and forth, more than one might think, considering the traveling accommodations, as they say in tourism; and one of the theses of Mr. Mowat's book is their perpetual finding in England something familiar, already known to them, and so on. The theme is not without nostalgic literary values, though it is hard to see how it could be otherwise. A man whose grandparents had come from England and who speaks no other language, who has heard of quiet fields, castles, order, titles, peace and never-will-be-slaves, could hardly go back to the family origin and not be moved by what his father descended from. The narrative, however, picks up when Franklin goes over. "Far more a 'good European,' a citizen of the world, than Adams, Jefferson or Washington . . . he remained to the end more pungently American than any of them." This quotation is from Carl Becker in "The Dictionary of American Biography." It serves two purposes at the moment. First, it demonstrates that the quotations will be the best part of this book; second, that we have here a now familiar decision as to what is American. Whether Franklin was more American at the time than Jefferson or Washington can be debated; whether he is more American in the direction taken subsequently by America is quite another matter. Franklin, contrasted with Washington, is nowadays comparatively easier to state; but that is not so much because Franklin is more like America as that America is less like Washington.

"Americans in England" has the pleasant temper of an after-dinner speech. It shows only sweet kings and queens, lovely diplomats, dear fine artists and all that. Edwin Abbey, for example, coming out of Philadelphia, loved England and painted her past with wonderful whatever it is. To a true lover and well wisher of England this is well enough, so long as one does not say that her future too he painted; all that spread of fifth-rate art would be sad prophecy. Benjamin West—whom the Cherokees are said to have taught color mixing—was in England too, President of the Royal Academy, a much better painter than Abbey, and Copley was there and Trumbull and Sargent, and Whistler, who found London a good place in which to turn ancient Japanese esthetic platitudes into thunderbolts. "Whistler, though very lovable, was inclined to be quarrelsome," the author tells us. In a book of so many nice people and dukes, such a statement, though on a matter long suspected, amounts to violence.

Nevertheless, Mr. Mowat's book is worth reading. Just as one may at times like to know who went to the party, one may like to learn here what Americans were in England. And an amiable book about historical characters is not without lovable enjoyment these days.

The scheme of the book is an interesting one. It includes Franklin in England, the English-American relations during the Revolution, such men as Emerson, Gouverneur Morris, Henry Adams, Walter Hines Page, Woodrow Wilson, Irving, Cooper, Hawthorne, and many others, including some of the Revolutionary spies. The rambling chapter on England and America during the War Between the States neglects to comprehend the different relation to England of the planting South and the industrial North, and does nothing with the part that the British wheat shortage played in the situation. As to the portraits of all these many Americans testing England, they are innocent and kindly. The author adopts his American cousins, they become a part of his family. For the most part his portrayals of American figures merely remind me of Lucilius' epigram: "Eutychus, the portrait painter, got twenty sons, and never got one likeness, even among his own children."

A philosopher, born in Spain but brought up in America, made a comment on his English stay that comes like a breath of salt air into this nursery domain created by Mr. Mowat's book:

What governs the Englishman [Santayana says] is his inner atmosphere, the weather in his soul. It is nothing particularly spiritual or mysterious. When he has taken his exercise and is drinking his tea or his beer and lighting his pipe; when in his garden or by his fire, he sprawls in an aggressively comfortable chair . . . when he is choosing his clothes or his profession—never is it a precise reason or purpose, or outer fact that determines him; it is always the atmosphere of his inner man. . . . He carries his English weather in his heart wherever he goes, and it becomes a cool spot in the desert, and a steady and sane oracle amongst the deliriums of mankind.

Nevertheless, I read on straight—almost—through this ingratiating volume, always filled with hope, like the green-grocer that the author mentions, who let Whistler's tomato bill run up to £600.

STARK YOUNG.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

Middletown

THERE are several good reasons why "Middletown," published in 1929, belongs among the ten most important books written about Americans since the War. In "Greenwich Village"¹ the same type of anthropological research is applied to a different type of social aggregate. The publishers claim that the book "does for the metropolis what 'Middletown' did" for the average small city of forty thousand. But I shouldn't say that it does just that.

It is, make no mistake, a valuable and extremely careful study. Professor Caroline F. Ware of Vassar prepared it with the help of twenty investigators, who in turn could use all the resources of a great settlement house. Her book is full of interesting material, much of it new and some of it pretty close to being sensational. Thus, the chapter on "Education" implies that the city authorities deliberately sabotaged at least one public school in order to help a parochial school that needed pupils. The chapter on "Politics" says bluntly that out of thirteen men nominated for committee members by the Democratic district organization, seven were known criminals—four being professional gamblers, one a pimp, one a killer and one the proprietor of a speakeasy with a back room where drunken girls were taken to be raped. The other six candidates were less notorious, but this did not imply "that their record was any more savory." The chapter called "Villagers" speaks in surprisingly direct language about the sexual life of people who didn't bother to pull down the blinds. The chapter on the Italians is more dignified, but gives a better idea of immigrant psychology than anything else I have read. As a whole, the book should and will appeal not only to social workers and teachers, but also to readers who are curious about people's lives and would like to know how all those artists and foreigners have been living south of Fourteenth Street. Still, I shouldn't by any means describe it as another "Middletown."

Perhaps its chief weakness lies in the choice of subject. The authors of "Middletown" had the great advantage of writing about an organic community. Even though they found that the inhabitants of Middletown-Muncie were divided into factory workers on the one side and business people on the other, with an almost impassable gulf between the two, they also found that both classes got their information from the same newspapers and ultimately depended on the same industries for their livelihood. Greenwich Village, as late as 1932, consisted of two absolutely separate communities. There were about thirty thousand natives or indigenes, who thought of themselves as "Lower West Side Italians" or as "Irish residents of the old Ninth Ward," and there were at the most ten thousand invaders or colonists, who accepted the name of Greenwich Villagers. The two communities or classes had nothing whatever in common—not race or religion or schooling or even a class war in which they fought on different sides. The natives hated the colonists without being able to attack them; the colonists tried to ignore the natives. This book, which tries to study both tribes by the same methods, is held together only by a name and a geographical accident.

¹ Greenwich Village, 1920-1930: A Comment on American Civilization in the Post-War Years, by Caroline F. Ware. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 510 pages. \$4.

In addition to its weakness in subject there is also a weakness in approach. The authors of "Middletown" were immensely saddened by the data they collected, were angered by the system that had warped so many human lives. This sorrow and indignation lent warmth to their writing, even when they tried to be coldly scientific. Professor Ware and her twenty investigators have an even more disheartening report to make. They found that Greenwich Village revealed and symbolized the loss of standards, the sickness of institutions, the general disintegration caused by industrialism. They found that the Italians living there were losing the folkways they brought from Europe, without acquiring anything from America except hardness and greed. They found, at the other end of the scale, that the American artists who ought to represent the best in our culture were just as helplessly uprooted as the immigrants they lived among and ignored. On all these topics, Professor Ware has many wise and social-scientific comments to make, but she never suggests any feeling more personal than a mild disapprobation. Her book has none of the fire that would melt and fuse her sociological data into a work of art.

When "Middletown" first appeared, it seemed possible that books of this type would end by usurping the place once held by documentary novels. There were all sorts of facts accessible to a staff of trained investigators that a novelist could not supply out of his notebooks or his imagination. It might be that novels would retreat into the domain of pure fiction, where sociologists could not follow them. . . . But after reading "Greenwich Village" I feel again that novelists have the advantage even in treating sociological themes. They can give color to observed facts and life to characters. They can bring out the implications of dramas like the one that is effectively hidden in Miss Ware's material.

The real drama of Greenwich Village is intellectual; it is the story of the birth and death of three ideas. After the War, after the defeat of the radical movement, a great number of American artists and dabblers in the arts began to feel that there was no hope of ever changing the world in which they lived. With social salvation barred, they began to seek individual salvation by the only methods known to them: escape, adjustment and self-expression. It was the idea of *escape* from a mechanical and stupid society that brought them to Greenwich Village; it was the idea of *adjustment* that made them look for cracks and crannies where, without changing the social order, they could do whatever they pleased in the name of creative *self-expression*. They hoped to achieve happy and harmonious lives by these ideas, which were spreading year by year to wider circles. But it gradually became evident that they could neither escape from society nor adjust themselves to it, and that their efforts toward self-expression were leading them toward no goal except neurasthenia. By 1930—that is, by the end of the period covered in the present volume—the Village began to suffer from an epidemic of quarrels, separations, nervous breakdowns and suicides. Something had to change there, no matter what happened in the world outside; something had to give way. And when the depression finally descended on the Villagers, it fell like a cloudburst over the heads of an already discouraged and defeated army.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

Consumers Can't Make a Revolution

Partners in Plunder, by J. B. Matthews and R. E. Shallcross. New York: Covici, Friede. 444 pages. \$2.50.

MANY YEARS ago, before the War, I knew a cop who was also a socialist. His beat was the red-light district. His knowledge of the social evil was wide, astute and highly class-angled. Prostitution, he would say, could not be the oldest profession, for even the original prostitute first had to *sell* herself. Obviously, before the first prostitute came the first entrepreneur, though the red-light lady herself may have acted in both capacities. In short, the oldest profession, according to my friend Mac, was business enterprise. Whereupon he would launch on his socialist peroration. The real social evil, he expanded, is the profit motive. And he would shake his finger violently in my "bourgeois" police reporter's face.

But being a cop in the red-light district is not exactly the most strategic place for a revolutionary attack on the capitalist system. And so old Mac did what he thought was the best he could do. He tried to educate the consumer of the social evil. He would tell folks all about the evils of the district. He warned them about this and that. In short, Mac was a pioneer in consumers' research. As such his usefulness was quite harmless. And the reason his service was not appreciated is, of course, that no social evil can be effectively attacked through the consumer. It must be faced and fought at the source of its production. The strategic economic man is the producer. As a consumer he is already the bargainer for a necessity or the dupe of appetite. *Caveat emptor* may be a fine slogan for the rare objective shopper. But it is a poor battle cry for social rebellion.

Consumers' Research, Incorporated, is fighting the social evil of commercial corruption very much in old Mac's way, with exactly the same educational appeal, and with similarly negligible results for the same psychological reasons. Its main appeal is based on the somewhat gratuitous assumption—it can be based on no other—that a scientific information service in purchasing guidance will rouse the American people to demand sound goods, truthfully sold. The assumption is rather naïve. The bulletins of Consumers' Research are, it seems to me, far more interesting to the student of business ethics than they are effective as guides to the average American shopper. For the latter usually lacks the time and inclination and fussiness to ferret out those humble articles which are honestly made, fairly priced and rarely in stock. But be that as it may, I am for Consumers' Research for the good reason that one cannot be against it. And for its bulletins I am genuinely grateful, for I know of no better newsreel of the economic decay and incorrigible swindle of contemporary business and industry. These bulletins tell exactly how many parts of arsenic per million are used in some of our best known brands of baking powder and cod-liver oil; they describe how stale fruit is made to look like fresh fruit; how much real silk there is in the putative silk you buy in a department store. And they are uproariously funny in exposing the shyster methods of the advertising racket.

In time the consumers' researchers bound their tragicomic data between covers, thereby tapping a somewhat wider public. "Your Money's Worth," "100,000,000 Guinea Pigs," "Skin Deep," are excellent brickbats heaved at the head of the commercial adulterators and advertising fakers, baked of the very muck they supplied. But grad-

ually, and no doubt unconsciously, our consumers' researchers fell for the same spirit of hokum that prompts the press agent to parade as a Counsellor of Public Relations or the copy writer in an advertising agency to view himself as a hifalutin "psychologist." Not satisfied with the honest job of counting the pimples on the face of our economy, they increasingly assumed a rather pretentious air of being expert diagnosticians of the cancer at the heart of capitalist society. Consumers' Research became a sort of Institute of Revolutionary Critique, all based on such facts as that ice-cream manufacturers double a pint of ice cream by inflating it with air, or that oranges can be made to look delicious by polishing them with paraffin. Such a burlesque of Marxism inevitably leads to the supercilious conclusion that the American people are a nation of guinea pigs in the shyster laboratories of profiteer manufacturers. The real and overwhelming truth is that we are a great and tragic society, whose present chaos and whose reactionary destiny cannot be gauged from the sex and snobbery "appeals" in the advertising sections of the Curtis or Hearst magazines.

"Partners in Plunder," the blurb informs us, is "another Consumers' Research book." What Mr. Matthews and Miss Shallcross did was to shake hard the files of Consumers' Research, to arrange all the facts that fell out under such smart-Alecky chapter headings as "Gadgetry" or "Druggéd Individualism," and then mix in a lot of undigested Marx, Veblen and silly oversimplifications of the nature of communism, fascism and other social theories, of which the authors are obviously innocent. America may be in danger of fascism, but not, as the authors would have us believe, because Lifebuoy Soap is "regimenting" the American people into a petty-bourgeois dread of "B.O."

Very superciliously the authors berate Professor Seligman of Columbia for his perfectly sound and essentially Marxian view that "as between the interests of consumer and producer, the producer should be, if need be, favored."—"This," they sneer, "is what passes for economic learning in many an impressive educational institution." And now let us look at their own bit of "economic learning," which motivates the entire volume. "*Only when all men stand primarily in the position of consumers to the available goods and services of a society,*" they write in italics, "will it be possible to eliminate class differentiations and advantages, and thereby establish a classless community." This bit of nonsense our ham Marxists seem to think is sound revolutionary theory. Today, of course, we also "stand primarily in the position of consumers" to consumers' goods. Of course, if one thinks of a capitalist economy, and calls the owners of the instruments of production "producers," then Professor Seligman's statement is not Marxian and our authors are right, though doomed to be ineffectual. But if one is thinking of achieving a socialist society in which the workers' interests as consumers can be adequately protected, then it is necessary to think of them acting as producers in order to bring it about and to operate it effectively. What the authors really confuse is their liberal addiction to consumers' coöperatives with socialist reconstruction, though of course they are very fashionably contemptuous of all liberalism.

It irks me to have to agree with General Johnson, who called "Partners in Plunder" just so much "schmoos." And I also agree with John Chamberlain's reaction to the book—"the case against capitalism still seems to be that it does not distribute enough money to buy goods, not that it makes shoddy goods. Give me purchasing power and I will take the blame for bad judgment in using it."

BENJAMIN STOLBERG.

Poet Speaks to Poet

Letters to a Young Poet, by Rainer Maria Rilke. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 128 pages. \$2.

THIS CYCLE of ten letters written to Franz Xavier Kappus during the years 1903 to 1908 reveal Rainer Maria Rilke in the formative period of his career. In 1903 the poet had just turned twenty-eight, and Franz Kappus, a schoolboy at the Military Academy in Wiener-Neustadt where Rilke had preceded him, opened a correspondence by submitting a group of poems in manuscript for critical opinion. Rilke's unhappy years at the Academy were re-awakened by his humble correspondent; he attempted to give advice, to comfort a lonely sensitive boy whom he had never met. He was forced to generalize his own emotions to fit the case before him, and if his replies seem somewhat vague, one can well understand that the peculiarities of the situation would admit no concrete answer. Throughout these letters there is the reiterated plea: "solitude, great inner solitude. Going-into-oneself and for hours meeting no one—this one must be able to attain." Like D. H. Lawrence, Rilke held to the belief of an "unconscious" power at work within the artist. It is also evident in these letters, written from Paris, Bremen, Sweden, Italy, that Rilke confused his esthetic with the demands of a wandering and necessarily tortured existence. Though his answers are so soft as to reveal a sensibility beyond control, the nobility they imply seems genuine. Whatever wisdom they have is the result of immediate perception rather than the actual summation of concrete experience. As in her translation of "The Tale of the Love and Death of Cornet Christopher Rilke," Mrs. Norton's work here is a model of accurate transcription.

HORACE GREGORY.

Stones for Bread

Physical Defects: The Pathway to Correction, by The American Child Health Association. New York: American Child Health Association. 171 pages. \$1, paper; \$1.50, cloth.

IN ORDER to "help point the way to more effective health programs in the schools of our country," a group of tremendously distinguished doctors of medicine, philosophy and public health, with \$41,000 in financial aid from the Metropolitan Life, spent two years in investigating the reason why remediable defects of New York City school children were not corrected. A certain number of defects, such as those of teeth, eyes, tonsils, nutrition, were chosen for study; standards were set; elaborate systems for examination, treatment, follow-up and reexamination were formulated.

From their masses of final data the authors came to conclusions that are enough to make one cry out for some approach not taking it for granted that all a child needs to be free from defects is a willingness to coöperate and parents open to medical suasion. Because school facilities are too meager, they recommend narrowing the number of cases handled to the most severe only. Their conclusions on dealing with malnutrition are that "the outstanding need . . . is some accurate standard of preliminary selection," for sleuthing out the undernourished. Not a word, mind you, about the primary cause of malnutrition; not a hint that behind all the superficial problems of defect correction lie the phenomena of unemployment, low wages and a conse-

quent inferiority of housing and food. As might be expected of such a work, it is not only inconsequential, but at times deliberately (or ignorantly) misleading: in the chapter on lice, for example, the insanitary conditions of poverty are kept in the background and instead the blame is laid on the "national characteristics" of immigrant populations.

My one suggestion for making investigations of this sort moderately useful is that their results be printed on \$41,000 worth of pie crust, with ink made of raspberry jam, and fed to children "suffering from defects of nutrition"—that is, to use the vulgar word, from hunger.

E. T. GUSTAFSON.

Men and the Sea

Ships, by Hendrik Willem Van Loon. New York: Simon and Schuster. 326 pages, illustrated. \$3.

Sea Lanes, by Martin D. Stevers and Captain Jonas Pendlebury. New York: Minton, Balch and Company. 336 pages, illustrated. \$3.75.

THERE is this to be said for Mr. Van Loon's latest book: he now has a chance to get mad about something. And this indignation, replacing the flaccid benignity with which he lately viewed such matters as the Bible, mankind and geography, makes this book a much more spirited affair than its recent predecessors from his pen. His subject this time, as the title indicates, is the history of navigation, popularly treated; and the indignation I speak of is aroused by the life of toil, discomfort and privation that seamen have led throughout the ages. At times its expression is a little hysterical, and at others somewhat mistaken in its emphasis. Thus he adjures us in a passage of some length to think twice of the miserable slaves at the oars below decks before extolling the grandeur of the Roman galleys (when it is probably forty years since any very serious extolling of Roman ways has been in evidence), while his analysis of present seafaring conditions is cursory indeed.

And, of course, there are still the author's familiar pen-and-ink-sketches which, designed here to supplement the text in technical descriptions of rigging, types of vessels, sailing maneuvers, etc., are perhaps not so lucid as usual. And for that matter, too, there are plenty of platitudes still scattered through the book for those who like the old Van Loon too well to want to lose him. But, definitely, progress has been made.

"Sea Lanes," though its subject matter is roughly the same as that of "Ships," is about as different from it as any book may well be. Covering the history of navigation—that is, the development of ships and sailing practice—in briefer but far more workmanlike fashion, it devotes most of its space to a detailed and practical account, obviously drawn from the author's own experience, of life aboard vessels of the three main types encountered today: sailing ship, cargo steamer and ocean liner. The hazards and the discomforts are described without overemphasis, but are made none the less real on that account. The routine, and the reasons, traditional or otherwise, behind that routine, as well as the human reactions to it, are all dealt with minutely, logically and clearly. And the study of navigation and seamanship generally—the reasons for various designs of rig and hull, the technique of handling steam ships and sailing ships, and so on—is remarkable for its straightforwardness and intelligibility.

Some of the illustrations are descriptive diagrams, more of them are photographs; all are strikingly effective and informative.

ROBERT M. COATES.

Death in the Balkans

Heroes and Assassins, by Stoyan Christowe. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. 290 pages. \$3.

FORTY years of Balkan turmoil, caused by the greed of the small Powers that have snatched at Macedonian soil and the equal greed of the Great Powers that for purposes of their own have egged the small Powers on, are accurately and vividly described in Stoyan Christowe's "Heroes and Assassins."

Macedonia is the corner of the Balkans where Greek, Yugoslav and Bulgarian frontiers join. The population is mixed enough to give almost every Power some shadow of an ethnographic claim that can always be exaggerated into a real one; and whatever state happens to control the territory takes good care not to consult the wishes of the inhabitants. That is why, after the Balkan Wars, the Macedonians alone were denied independence. And it is also why in recent years they have used the Inner Macedonian Revolutionary Organization, originally founded to fight the Turks, as the instrument for a terrorist campaign against the Greeks and Yugoslavs who today control all of Macedonia except for a small section in Bulgarian hands.

To the Macedonians themselves these bold but secret fighters are heroes; to their enemies they are assassins—hence the title of Mr. Christowe's book. The leaders of the "Imro" operate by political assassination and make no bones about it. As revolutionists, they justify terrorism on the ground that all legal means of protest are denied them, the League of Nations having refused all their appeals for the minority rights granted by the peace treaties. Theirs is the organization that thirty-odd years ago kidnapped the American missionary Miss Helen Stone and a woman companion, successfully holding their captives

for ransom to raise funds for the revolution, in spite of all the efforts made by the Turkish government. It was one of the Imro's women executioners who, after the men of the organization had failed for years, hunted down one Todor Panitza, condemned as a traitor to the Macedonian cause, and killed him during a performance of "Peer Gynt" in Vienna's famous Burgtheater. The lady thoughtfully chose a crescendo passage in the orchestra to drown her revolver shots. The present revolutionary leader once won over to his own cause the assassin sent from Belgrade to kill him; and sent the same man back to Belgrade to shoot the very man who had originally sent him out. This is the organization that, coöperating with Croatian revolutionists, killed the King of Yugoslavia last year.

Mr. Christowe describes these exploits of the Macedonian *comitadjis* and also discusses the international political problems involved, toward which he preserves an admirably impartial attitude. A Macedonian by birth, he believes thoroughly in Macedonia's right to autonomy and in the Imro's bitter struggle to attain autonomy. At the same time he deplores the inner conflicts among the Macedonians themselves, in which Macedonian has killed Macedonian in the name of Macedonia. He believes that the Imro has made serious political blunders, especially in overstraining the tolerance of the usually friendly Bulgarian government. Mr. Christowe has known personally all the recent figures in the Macedonian struggle, including Vlado Georgieff (Chernozemsky), who killed King Alexander. He speaks the language of the country and he knows both the Macedonian people of whom he writes and the American people to whom he interprets them. The result is naturally a book that is both absorbing to the reader and important. If the American public is again caught napping by Balkan problems as it was in 1914, it will not be Mr. Christowe's fault.

JOHN BAKELESS.

Books for Readers and Writers

DICTIONARIES

STANDARD DICTIONARY SERIES; NEW STANDARD DICTIONARY (Unabridged). The one great authority on words. Buckram, indexed, \$18; sheep, indexed, \$22. **PRACTICAL STANDARD DICTIONARY**, cloth, \$5; Fabrioid, \$6; Full Leather, \$7.50. Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354 Fourth Ave., New York.

DICTIONARY OF PHRASE AND FABLE, by E. C. Brewer. New edition, popular price \$3.50. J. B. Lippincott Co., Washington Sq., Phila.

CROWELL'S DICTIONARY OF BUSINESS AND FINANCE. A valuable reference book. \$3.50. Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 393 Fourth Ave., New York.

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THE FOREGROUND OF AMERICAN FICTION, by Harry Hartwick, \$2.50. American Book Co., 88 Lexington Ave., New York.

GENERAL

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HOYT'S NEW CYCLOPEDIA OF PRACTICAL QUOTATIONS, revised by Kate Louise Roberts, \$7.50. Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354 Fourth Ave., New York.

Note

This directory, to be published in the third issue of every month, is designed to advertise those Standard Works of Reference, Handbooks, Dictionaries and Anthologies and such helps for readers and writers as will be of particular interest to the audience that The New Republic reaches. The books here presented have been carefully selected by the various publishers with the needs of the intelligent reader and practicing or developing writer especially in mind. The New Republic feels that in the monthly publication of this directory a real service will be performed for both its readers and the publishers. Because its content will vary from month to month, we suggest that you regularly check the listings for your immediate needs.

READING AND WRITING

THE CRAFT OF FICTION, by Percy Lubbock, \$2. Peter Smith, 347 Fifth Ave., New York.

THE WRITER'S ART, edited by Rollo Walter Brown, \$2.60. Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass.

ANTHOLOGIES

AN ANTHOLOGY OF LIGHT VERSE, Edited by Louis Kronenberger, No. 48 in the MODERN LIBRARY, 95c. Send for list of 236 titles, to: 20 E. 57 St., N. Y. City.

GREAT AMERICANS AS SEEN BY THE POETS, an anthology by Burton Stevenson, \$5.50. J. B. Lippincott Co., Washington Sq., Phila.

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ROGET'S INTERNATIONAL THESAURUS, edited by C. O. S. Mawson, 837 pages, 8vo. \$8.00, thumb indexed, \$5.50. Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 393 Fourth Ave., New York.

THE SECRETARY'S GUIDE TO CORRECT MODERN USAGE, by C. O. Sylvester Mawson. Ambitious secretaries find it indispensable, \$2.00. Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 393 Fourth Ave., New York.

POETRY AND PROSE

ENGLISH POETS: ROMANTIC, VICTORIAN AND LATER, by James Stephens, E. L. Beck and R. H. Snow, with Introduction by Stephens, \$6. **ENGLISH ROMANTIC POETS**, \$3. **VICTORIAN AND LATER**, \$4. American Book Co., 88 Lexington Ave., New York.

THE USE OF POETRY AND THE USE OF CRITICISM, by T. S. Eliot, \$2.00. Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass.

Books in Brief

John Bunyan: Mechanick Preacher, by William York Tindall. New York: Columbia University Press. 322 pages. \$3.50.

IF MORE books like this were written about the stock celebrities in English literature, the whole subject would acquire a dimension it mostly lacks as things are. Here is Bunyan seen not as a unique genius who produced a great book in obedience to some unprecedented and perhaps preternatural prompting, but as an English tinker living in a period of profound social confusion and revolutionary change; as but one man—though an exceptionally gifted man—among many men of his class who preached and wrote in comparable veins; as the voice of a class protest and a social struggle that masked itself largely in religious language and religious strife but was not fundamentally theological. Such books as the "Pilgrim's Progress" and "The Life and Death of Mr. Badman" receive a great increment of new vitality as they emerge from Professor Tindall's learned and discerning treatment, and one is thrown off only by a certain refined flippancy in the author's manner that does not seem to do justice to so rich and human a subject.

N. A.

Literature of the Italian Renaissance, by Jefferson Butler Fletcher. New York: The Macmillan Company. 347 pages. \$3.

This pleasant and learned survey of Italian Renaissance literature contains the gist of lectures given by Professor Fletcher to graduate students at Harvard and Columbia over a period of years. It does not pretend to be a thorough history even of the literature, but it indicates and suggests a great deal to those who already have some knowledge of the great figures and movements whose influence spread from Italy over all of Europe. Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio are treated as initiators of two tendencies: the imitation of the classics and the development of a vernacular literature; Lorenzo the Magnificent as the middleman who helped to harmonize the two tendencies. Machiavelli, Ariosto, Cellini and others are portrayed as illustrating the complex contradictions of the time in their lives and works. There are interesting chapters on the Renaissance gospel of platonic love, the growing influence of women and the salon, and other characteristic aspects of the period.

C. G. S.

Ores and Industry in South America, by H. Foster Bain and Thomas T. Read. New York: Harper and Brothers. 381 pages. \$3.50.

The pretentious title is hardly justified by the contents of this volume, sponsored by the Council on Foreign Relations. Students of Latin American affairs will find it only a catalogue of the mineral resources of the southern continent, and not a complete catalogue at that. Of industry, as distinct from mining, it has little to say except that the absence of first-grade coal reserves makes any important industrial growth extremely unlikely. The authors sidestep all controversial issues. They frequently assert that improvement in living standards in backward regions has followed the advent of large mining operations and they deplore the tendency toward government interference with individual initiative. In the chapter on Bolivia they cite the spectacular rise of Simon Patino, Bolivian tin "king," to the reputed position of the world's fourth-richest man. Later in the same chapter comes a revealing comment. "The general

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S. D. S.

A Captain Departed, by A. W. Smith. New Haven: Yale University Press. 279 pages. \$2.50.

"How the well bred young British officer should behave under fire" might make an apt subtitle for this volume. But apart from the author's excessive supply of the sort of good taste and nonchalance rampant among the English upper classes—all of which lends a certain bloodlessness to his writing—this is a fine autobiographical study of a young English officer, who has his heart set on a military career and then goes through a slow process of disillusionment. He sees service in France, in Russia against the Bolsheviks, and in India. He becomes a major. In the end, the disheartening drudgery of military discipline, of drilling and of fighting, downs him and, for reasons that are personal rather than humanitarian or political, he quits and goes home. But he does not wrap himself in the frayed banner of his sensitivity. Even in writing this intimate record he expresses himself in the short, crisp, half-impersonal and rather unappealing style of the professional soldier.

J. M.

A Correction

Owing to a substitution of booknotes as the issue of April 24 was going to press, the brief review of Grant Lewi's "Star of Empire" was incorrectly credited to Jerre Mangione. The initials were those of Jerome Mellquist.—THE EDITORS.

Contributors

MAX LERNER is a member of the Social Science faculty of Sarah Lawrence College and is chairman of the faculty of the Wellesley Summer Institute for Social Progress. He contributed a chapter to the symposium, "Mr. Justice Brandeis," edited by Felix Frankfurter, and is the author of "Veblen and the Waste Land," published in The New Freeman in 1931.

MARQUIS W. CHILDS is a member of the editorial staff of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch and is the author of "Sweden: Where Capitalism Is Controlled," published last year in the John Day Company's pamphlet series.

E. E. CUMMINGS' latest book of verse, "No Thanks," has just been published for subscribers by the Golden Eagle Press in New York City. He contributed three paintings to the recent Independent Artists show in New York, and his ballet, "Tom," based on "Uncle Tom's Cabin," is announced for fall publication by Arrow Editions.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG is co-author of "The Economic Consequences of the New Deal" and is a frequent contributor to the magazines.

HORACE GREGORY is the author of three books of poetry, "Chelsea Rooming House," "No Retreat" and "Chorus for Survival."

E. T. GUSTAFSON received his M.A. degree from the University of New Hampshire in 1928 and is now acting as tutor in the department of Hygiene at Brooklyn College.

ROBERT M. COATES, author of "The Eater of Darkness," "The Outlaw Years" and "Yesterday's Burdens," is working on a new novel.

JOHN BAKELESS is the only American-born journalist who ever succeeded in getting into the mountains and interviewing Ivan Michailoff, head of "Imro." This interview, first published in The Outlook in 1929, later had three reprintings. Since that time Mr. Bakeless has continued to study and write about Macedonian affairs.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Newton Arvin, Clara G. Stillman, S. D. Strauss and Jerre Mangione.

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